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NATURAL RELIGION.

III.

PUTTING aside then, for the present, Supernaturalism and all those views of God which are distinctively Christian, we find a theology in which all men, whether they consider it or not, do actually agree—that which is concerned with God in Nature. I do not here raise the question of causes or laws; let it be allowed that Nature is merely the collective name of a number of coexistences and sequences, and that God has no meaning different from Nature. Let all this be allowed, or let the contrary of this be allowed. Such controversies may be raised about the human as well as about the Divine Being. Some may consider the human body as the habitation of a soul distinct and separable from it; others may refuse to recognise any such distinction: some may maintain that man is merely the collective name for a number of processes: some may consider the human being as possessing a free will and as being independent of circumstances; others may regard him as the necessary result of a long series of physical influences. All these differences may be almost as important as they seem to the disputants who are occupied about them, but after all they do not affect the fact that the human being is there, and they do not prevent us from regarding him with strong feelings. The same is true of the Divine Being. Whatever may be ques-

tioned, it is certain that we are in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Being; except through some of those exceptional perversions of the mind which I described in the last chapter, we cannot help the awe and admiration with which we contemplate Him; we cannot help recognising that our well-being depends on taking a right view of His nature.

There are two ways in which the mind apprehends any object, two sorts of knowledge which combine to make complete and satisfactory knowledge. The one may be called theoretic or scientific knowledge; the other practical, familiar, or imaginative knowledge. The greatest trial of human nature lies in the difficulty of reconciling these two kinds of knowledge, of preventing them from interfering with one another, of arranging satisfactory relations between them. In order of time the second kind of knowledge has the precedence, and avails itself of this advantage to delay and impede the arrival of the first kind. Before the stars, the winds, the trees and plants could be grasped scientifically and the laws which govern them studied, they had been grasped, and as it were appropriated, by the human mind experimentally and imaginatively. The latter kind of knowledge was in some respects better than the former. It was more intimate and realised, so that, as far as it was true, it was more available. For

practical purposes, accurate scientific knowledge of a thing is seldom sufficient. To obtain complete practical command over it you must take possession of it with the imagination and feelings as well as the reason, and it will often happen that this imaginative knowledge, helped very slightly by scientific knowledge, carries a man practically further than a very perfect scientific knowledge by itself. Witness the instinctive, as we say, and unanalysable skill sometimes possessed by savages. Moreover, this kind of knowledge is more attractive and interesting, and so has a more powerful modifying influence upon its possessor than the other kind, for the simple reason that it takes hold of the most plastic side of his nature. But just because it is so fascinating, and is at the same time not by itself trustworthy, it has certain mischievous consequences when it comes, as it generally does, first. Then it fills the mind with prejudices, hasty misconceptions, which, seizing upon the imagination, are stereotyped in the form of superstitions; and these sometimes exercise by themselves a most pernicious influence, and in any case close the mind against the entrance of the sounder scientific knowledge. When this imaginative medley of observation and prejudice has long had possession, Science arrives. Then follows a contest between the two kinds of knowledge, in which the human being suffers much. Truth cannot in the long run be resisted, and so, after whatever defence, the fortress is carried and the phantom garrison of superstition is driven out. The mind passes now under a new set of impressions, and places itself in a new relation to the Universe. Its victory over superstition has been won by placing a careful restraint upon imagination and feeling. In order not to be misled by feeling, it has been forced artificially to deaden feeling; lest the judgment should be overwhelmed by the impressiveness of the universe, it arms itself with callousness; it turns away from Nature the mobile side, and receives the shock upon the

adamantine shield of the sceptical reason. In this way it substitutes one imperfect kind of knowledge for another. Before, it realised strongly, if that expression is clear, but scarcely analysed at all; now, it analyses most rigidly, but ceases in return to realise. As the victory of the scientific spirit becomes more and more decided, there passes a deep shudder of discomfort through the whole world of those whose business is with realising, and not with testing, knowledge. Religion is struck first, because the whole work of *realising* presupposes faith, and yet, as the testing process comes late, faith is almost always more or less premature. But poetry and art suffer in their turn. How full has recent poetry been of this complaint! One poet complains that "Science withdraws the veil of enchantment from Nature;" one exclaims that "there *was* an awful rainbow *once* in heaven," but that Science has destroyed it; another declares that "we murder to dissect," that we should not be always seeking, but use "a wise passiveness" in the presence of Nature; another "that Nature made undivine is now seen slavishly obeying the law of gravitation;" another buries himself in past ages "when men could still hear from God heavenly truth in earthly speech, and did not rack their brains."

And yet to complain of the march of the scientific spirit seems as idle as to complain of the law of gravitation itself. Influenced, some by a deep faith in truth, a faith, I mean, that human well-being must depend ultimately on truth; others by a fanatical truth-worship, determined to set up their idol even "amidst human sacrifice and parents' tears;" others by a scientific *esprit de corps* which hates religion as belonging to a rival corporation; others by that self-importance which is gratified by inflicting pain so much more than by giving pleasure; others by the tyrant's delight in having discovered a new and exquisite torture,—influenced, in short, by all the mixed motives which have ever urged on a great destructive movement, the Iconoclasts

pursue their course. But we may look forward to a time when this transition shall be over, and when a new reconciliation shall have taken place between the two sorts of knowledge. In that happier age true knowledge, scientific, not artificially humanised, will reign without opposition, but the claims of Science once for all allowed, the mind will also apprehend the Universe imaginatively, realising what it knows.

That kind of imaginative eclipse which is produced by the shadow of science passing over any natural object has affected in turn the phenomena of Nature, taken separately, and Man and God. The "fair humanities of old religion," which found objects of love in trees and streams, and filled the celestial map with fantastic living shapes—all this has long ago disappeared. More recently Man has been subjected to the analysing process. The mechanical laws which were traced in the physical world, it was long hoped, would never suffice to explain the human being; he at least would remain always mysterious, spiritual, sacred. But nothing stops Science; hesitating between curiosity that drags him on and awe that holds him back, vexed not to know, yet half ashamed of knowing, Man presses on into every sanctuary. He begins now to reckon his own being among things more than half explained; nerve force he thinks is a sort of electricity; man differs greatly, indeed, but not generically, from the brutes. All this has for the time at least the effect of desecrating human nature. To the imagination human nature becomes a thing blurred and spoiled, not really because the new view of it is in itself degrading, but because the imagination had realised it otherwise, and cannot in any short time either part with the old realising or perfect a new one. Lastly, science turns her smoked eye-glass upon God, deliberately diminishing the glory of what she looks at that she may distinguish better. Here, too, she sees mechanism where will, purpose, and love had been supposed before; she drops the name God, and takes up

the less awful name of Nature instead.

It is in this last case that the desecration produced by Science is most painfully felt. This is partly, of course, because the sacredness violated was greatest here; but there is also another reason. Science cannot easily destroy our feeling for human beings. We are in such close contact with our own kind, our imagination and affections take such fast hold of our fellow-men as to defy physiology. If it were otherwise we should want a word—*Ananthropism*—to answer to Atheism. Even as it is the thing is occasionally to be seen. Among medical students there are not a few ananthropists, that is, men in whom human affections have not been strong enough to resist the effect of Science in lowering the conception of humanity. But in general the imagination triumphs in this case over the reason. In the case of the physical world it is otherwise. This, for the majority of men, is, I fancy, almost completely desecrated, so that sympathy, communion with the forms of Nature, is pretty well confined to poets, and is generally supposed to be an amiable madness in them. But then this was not done by Science, it had been done before by monkish Christianity. Chaucer complains, hundreds of years before the advent of physical science, of the divorce that had been made between the imagination and physical nature—"But now may no man see none elves mo." It was owing, according to him, to the preachings and bannings of "limitours and other holy freres." Nature had been made not merely a dead thing, but a disgusting and hideous thing, by superstitions of imps, witches, and demons; so much so that Goethe celebrates science as having restored Nature to the imagination and driven away the Walpurgis-nacht of the middle ages; and, indeed, by turning attention upon the natural world, by bringing a large number of people to take careful notice of its beauties, Science may have given back to the imagination, in this department, as much as it has taken away.

But the conception of God is so vast and elevated that it always slips easily out of the human mind. The task of realising what is too great to be realised, of reaching with the imagination and growing with the affections to a reality almost too great for the one, and almost too awful for the other, is in itself exceptionally difficult. To do this, and yet at the same time carefully to restrain the imagination and affections as Science prescribes, is almost impossible; yet those who perpetually study Nature, unless they specialise themselves too much, will always in some sense feel the presence of God. The unity of what they study will sometimes come home to them and give a sense of awe and delight, if not of love. But upon those who do not study Nature the advance of Science can have no other effect than to root out of their minds the very conception of God. The negative effect is not counterbalanced by any positive one. With them, if the supernatural Person whose will holds the Universe together is denied, the effect is that the Universe falls at once to pieces. No other unity takes His place, and out of the human mind there perishes the most elevating thought, and out of human life the chief and principal sacredness. The remedy for this is to be found in the study of Nature becoming universal. Let all be made acquainted with natural laws; let all form the habit of contemplating them, and atheism in its full sense will become a thing impossible, when no mind shall be altogether without the sense, at once inspiring and sobering, of an eternal order.

But these remarks on the difficulty of harmonising the scientific with the imaginative knowledge of things, are by way of digression. Our business at present is with the fact that knowledge is of these two kinds, and that the complete or satisfactory knowledge of anything comes from combining them. When the object of knowledge is God, the first kind of knowledge is called theology, and the second may be called religion. By theology the nature of God is ascertained and false views of it

eradicated from the understanding; by religion the truths thus obtained are turned over in the mind and assimilated by the imagination and the feelings.

When we hear it said, as it is said so commonly now, that the knowledge of God is impossible to man, and therefore that theology is no true science, of course the word God is used in that peculiar sense of which I have spoken above. Nature every one admits that we know or may know; but of any occult cause of phenomena, or of any supernatural being suspending the course of natural laws, it is denied that we can know anything. But since every sort of theology agrees that the laws of nature are the laws of God, it is evident that in knowing Nature we do precisely to the same extent know God. I am proposing for the present to treat the words God and Nature as absolutely synonymous, which up to a certain point every one allows them to be. So long as we do so we are in no danger of trespassing beyond the proper domain of human inquiry; so long as we do so, theology, instead of being additional or antagonistic to Science, is merely another name for Science itself. Regarded in this way, we may say of God that so far from being beyond knowledge, He is the one object of knowledge, and that everything we can know, every proposition we can frame, relates to Him. It may seem, however, that little is to be gained from giving this unusual sense to the word theology. If in the ordinary sense it is the name of an imaginary and delusive science, taken in this sense as a synonym for Science itself, it is purely useless. By giving the word such an extension, it will be said, you destroy all its force. That we ought to study theology becomes a truism if it means merely that all knowledge is valuable; the old maxim, that in the knowledge of God is life, loses all its grandeur if it is interpreted to mean merely that the more things you know the more dangers you will be in a condition to avoid. Can we not, then, give more precision, more definiteness, to the notion of the knowledge of God?

The notion is to be limited in two ways, one of which has been partially indicated already. The scientific school themselves save us the trouble of explaining the first of these limitations; it is they who, in this age, have made clear to every one the difference between the study of the Universe and mere universal study. When they tell us in the very language of theology that all hope and all happiness lies in the knowledge of Nature, that this is a treasure to be valued above rubies and precious stones, how do they limit the word Nature? They mean it certainly to include the whole Universe. What is it then that they exclude? One would fancy at first sight that they are merely praising knowledge in general, and that they are not particular about kinds of knowledge. Yet we know that they are remarkably exclusive in their notions of knowledge, and that they are as vehement in condemning some sorts as in recommending others. What is there, then, that can possibly be studied besides the Universe?

There is something which sets itself up as a just reflection of the Universe, and which it is possible to study as if it were the Universe itself; that is, the multitude of traditional unscientific opinions about the Universe. These opinions are, in one sense, part of the Universe; to study them from the historic point of view is to study the Universe; but when they are assumed as an accurate reflection of it so as to divert attention from the original, as they are by all the votaries of authority or tradition, then they may be regarded as a spurious Universe outside and apart from the real one, and such students of opinion may be said to study and yet not to study the Universe.

This spurious Universe is almost as great as the genuine one. There are many profoundly learned men whose whole learning relates to it and has no concern whatever with reality. The simplest peasant who from living much in the open air has found for himself, unconsciously, some rules to guide him in divining the weather, knows something about the real Universe; but an inde-

fatigable student who has stored a prodigious memory with what the schoolmen have thought, what the philosophers have thought, what the Fathers have thought, may yet have no real knowledge; he may have been busy only with the reflected Universe. Not that the thoughts of dead thinkers stored up in books are not part of the Universe as well as wind and rain; not that they may not repay study quite as well; they are deposits of the human mind, and by studying them much may be discovered about the human mind, the ways of its operation, the stages of its development. Nor yet that the thoughts of the dead may not be of the greatest help to one who is studying the Universe; he may get from them suggestions, theories which he may put to the test, and thus convert, in some cases, into real knowledge. But there is a third way in which he may treat them which makes books the very antithesis to reality, and the knowledge of books the knowledge of a spurious Universe. This is when he contents himself with storing their contents in his mind and does not attempt to put them to any test, whether from superstitious reverence or from an excessive pleasure in mere language. He may show wonderful ability in thus assimilating books, wonderful retentiveness, wonderful accuracy, wonderful acuteness; nay, if he clearly understands that he is only dealing with opinions, he may do good service in that department, for opinions need collecting and classifying as much as botanical specimens. But one often sees such collectors mistaking opinions for truths, and depending for their views of the Universe entirely upon these opinions, which they accept implicitly without testing them. Such men may be said to study, but not to study the Universe.

There are other classes of men of whom much the same may be said. The scientific school, when they recommend the study of Nature, do not mean, for example, the mere collecting of facts however authentic. Nature with them is not a heap of phenomena, but laws

discerned in phenomena, and by a knowledge of Nature they mean a just conception of laws much more than an ample store of information about phenomena. Again, in an age like the present, when methods of inquiry have been laid down and tested by large experience, they do not dignify with the name of the study of Nature any investigation, however earnest or fresh, of the facts of the world, which does not conform to these methods, or show reason for not doing so.

Knowledge of Nature understood in this sense, and obtained in this way, is what we are now told is alone valuable—what human happiness depends on. And assuredly it deserves to be called in the strictest sense Theology. If God be the Ruler of the world, as the orthodox theology teaches, the laws of Nature are the laws by which He rules it. If you prefer the Pantheistic view, they are the very manifestations of the Divine Nature. In any case the knowledge of Nature, if only it be properly sifted from the corrupting mixture of mere opinion, is the knowledge of God. That there may be another and deeper knowledge of God beyond it does not affect this fact.

But is theology a mere synonym for Science? If so, the scientific man may fairly say, I need not concern myself with it; I have already a name for my pursuit which satisfies me; it does not interest me to hear that there is another name which also is appropriate. Is there no special department of Science which may be called theological, to distinguish it from the other departments? It is this which so many scientific men now deny. They say there is certainly such a special department, but it is not a department of Science, for it lies outside the domain of Science. It is concerned with causes, whereas Science knows nothing of causes; it is concerned with supernatural phenomena which Science puts aside as either impossible or unverified. All that this objection means is, that many theologies have been supernaturalistic, and have been occupied with causes, and that though as a matter

of course they have not been *exclusively* supernaturalistic and occupied with causes, yet they have been so sufficiently to justify us in appropriating the word theology to systems that have these characteristics. To say then that theology is a spurious Science, is to say that in most theological systems there is an element more or less predominant which is unscientific. But even if it were convenient to give to this element the name of theology, it would not follow because theology in this sense may be a spurious science—and etymologically theology is the science of God—that therefore the science of God is a spurious one. You may use the word theology in its etymological sense, or you may give it a more special technical sense to suit convenience; but you must not confound the two senses of the word together. As I have said, all Science belongs properly to the science of God, and might legitimately be called Theology. I believe also that there is a special department of knowledge which, without necessarily concerning itself with the supernatural, or with final causes, might both legitimately and conveniently be called Theology.

Considered in its practical bearings upon human life, the study of Nature resolves itself into the study of two things, a force within the human being, and a necessity without him. Life, in short, is a mechanical problem, in which a power is required to be so advantageously applied as to overcome a weight which is greater than itself. The power is the human will, the weight is Nature, the motive of the struggle between them is certain ideals which man instinctively puts before himself—an ideal of happiness, or an ideal of perfection. By means of Science he is enabled to apply the power in the most advantageous manner. Every piece of knowledge he acquires helps him in his undertaking. Every special science which he perfects removes a new set of obstacles, procures him a new set of resources. And in his conflict with natural difficulties his energy and hope are in proportion to

his power of knowing and measuring the force he has, and the resistance he will meet with. When he is able to measure this precisely, his hope becomes confidence even in circumstances which might seem the most alarming. We allow ourselves to be hurried through the air at the rate of fifty miles an hour, with a noise and impetus appalling to a bystander, and all the while read or sleep comfortably. Why? Because the forces we have set in motion are all accurately measured, the obstacles to be met fully known. When the measurement is only approximate, there is not confidence, but only hope predominating over fear. The experienced sailor feels this; he trusts himself to the open sea, because he knows that he is pretty well matched against the necessity he provokes, though he cannot know that he is the superior because he can calculate a good many of the dangers, though not all.

This is the case in each of the separate undertakings that make up life. To each of them belongs its appropriate knowledge, upon which our equanimity and repose of mind, as far as the particular undertaking is concerned, depend. But life itself, taken as a whole, is an undertaking. Life itself has its objects which make it interesting to us, which lead us to bear the burden of it. These objects, like those minor ones, are only to be attained by a struggle between the power Will and the weight Nature, and in this struggle also both energy and success depend upon a certain knowledge which may enable us to apply the power with advantage. But the knowledge required in this case is of a more general kind; it is not a knowledge confined to certain sets of phenomena, and giving us a power correspondingly limited, but it is a general knowledge of the relation in which human life stands to the Universe, and of the means by which life may be brought into the most satisfactory adaptation to it. Now, by what name shall we call this knowledge?

Every one has his general views of human life, which are more or less distinct. Upon these general views more

than upon anything else connected with the understanding depends the character of every one's life. Morality is theoretically independent of all such views, but practically and in the long run it varies with them. What has life to give? How far does it lend itself to our ideals? These are practically questions quite as important to morality as those which lie within the province of morality itself—as the questions, what are or what ought to be our ideals? They are also quite as important to human happiness as all particular measures contrived to increase human happiness. No man fights with any heart if he thinks he has Nature against him. If a man believes that men are not made to be happy, he will lose the energy to do even what can be done for their happiness; he will give up the pursuit of virtue if he meets with more than a certain degree of discouragement in it.

Of an unfavourable view of human life there are three principal consequences—crime, languor, and suicide. The majority of crimes, and still more of meannesses, it seems to me, are not committed from bad intentions, but from a despair of human life. "I am sorry, but I *must* do it; I am driven to it; everybody has to do it; we must look at things as they are"; these are the reflections which lead men into breaches of morality. "*Sic vivitur*," says Cicero, selling Tullia. The feeling that life will not allow people to do always what is right, faint perhaps in each individual mind, grows strong when many who share it come together; it grows stronger by being uttered, stronger still by being acted upon; it creates an atmosphere of laxity; morality retires more and more out of view; until the thought of crime itself, and even of enormous crime, becomes familiar, and at last is carried almost unconsciously into act. It is not, then, from want of morality that men do wrong, but from want of another sort of knowledge. They know what is right and what is wrong; it is not from overlooking this distinction that they fall into the wrong, nor would they escape the danger by reflecting upon it ever so

much. What determines their action is a belief in some sort of necessity, some fatality with which it is vain to struggle ; it is a general view of human life as unfavourable to ideals.

Another such general view of human life produces apathy. A man who has persuaded himself that we are the creatures of circumstances, or that we are the victims of laws with which it is impossible for us to cope, will give up the battle with Nature and do nothing. Perhaps he has his head full of instances of the best endeavours after happiness failing entirely, or by some fatality producing extreme unhappiness ; of the purest and noblest labours producing mischief which complete inactivity would have avoided ; how Queen Isabella introduced the Inquisition ; how Las Casas initiated the slave-trade ; how pauperism has been over and over again fostered by philanthropy ; how the Prince of Peace himself, according to His own saying, brought a sword upon the earth. He may think that human life, as it runs on naturally, is not a bad thing, but that all attempts to control it or improve it are hopeless ; that all high ideals are merely ambitious ; that purpose and, still more, system and all sophistication of life are mischievous. And so he may come to renounce all free-will, he may resign himself to the current of ordinary affairs, and become a mere conventionalist, reconciling himself to whatever he does not like, and gradually induced to tolerate with complete indifference the most enormous evils. Against such a perversion of mind morality is no defence ; what is needed is not a new view of what ought to be—such a man knows well enough what ought to be—but a new view of what can or may be, a more encouraging view of the Universe.

Sometimes the despair of human life goes to a much greater length. Human life is a game at which we are not forced to play ; we may at any time throw up the cards. That only a few do so proves that more or less distinctly most of us have a general view of life not altogether

unfavourable. We are for the most part hardly aware of this general view, because it is always the same. We should become painfully aware of it if it were suddenly to change. There is, as it were, a suicide-mark below which our philosophy is always liable to sink. If we came to think life irreconcilably opposed to our ideals, and at the same time were enthusiastically devoted to our ideals, life would become intolerable to us. If our sense of the misery or emptiness of life became for some reason much more keen than it is, life would at last become intolerable to us. With individuals one of these two things is constantly taking place ; they might just as well take place with whole societies or nations. Something of the kind happened with the Stoics of the imperial period. Their philosophy was only just above suicide-mark, and was continually dropping below it. In Asia the same is true of whole populations, with whom the value of life has sunk to the very lowest point.

Of all these classes of men we say very justly that they want faith. Their criminality or languor or despair are the consequences of their having no faith. But we sometimes express the same thing differently, and say that they have no God, no theology. With our Christian habit of connecting God with goodness and love, we confuse together the notions of a theology and a faith. Let us reflect that it is quite possible to have a theology without having a faith. We may believe in a God, but a God unfavourable, hostile, or indifferent to us. In the same way we may believe in a God neither altogether friendly nor altogether the reverse. The different Pagan theologies were of this kind, and even many Christian sects, while nominally holding the perfect benevolence of God, have practically worshipped a Being who in this respect did not differ from the Pagan deities.

It would be legitimate to call such general views of the relation of Nature to our ideals by the name of theology in all cases, and not merely those particular general views which are encouraging. If

we believe that Nature helps us in our strivings, we have both a theology and a faith; if we believe that Nature is indifferent to us or hostile to us, we have no faith, but we have still a theology. We have still a definite notion of God's dealings with us. And this use of the word is not only justified by its etymology; it is much more conformable to actual usage. To identify theology with the doctrine of the supernatural is, as I have pointed out, to narrow the meaning of the word unnaturally, and to appropriate it to a particular part of a particular theological system. The practical effect of giving this technical sense to a word which in the common understanding has a much larger meaning, is to produce a deception. When those who reject the supernatural declare theology to be exploded, they are commonly understood to mean that a vast mass of doctrine, partly moral, partly historical, partly physical, in which the supernatural is mixed up, is exploded, whereas all they really say is that just that part is exploded which is supported only by the evidence of the supernatural. In like manner it is but a small part of what is commonly understood by theology that has to do with final causes, and yet those who consider final causes not objects of knowledge are fond of drawing the inference that all theological systems must be systems of spurious knowledge. Sometimes this juggle which is practised with the word theology becomes grotesquely apparent, and a sceptic will tell us in the same breath that theology deals with matters entirely beyond the range of human intellect, and that theology has been refuted by the discoveries of modern science.

The questions which we all understand to be theological are such as these: Is there a reward for virtue? Is there a compensation for undeserved misery? Is there a sure retribution for crime? Is there hope that the vicious man may become virtuous? Are there means by which the pressure upon the conscience produced by wrong-doing may be removed? Are there means by which

the mind disposed to virtue may defend itself from temptation? In one word, is life worth having, and the Universe a habitable place for one in whom the sense of duty has been awakened? These questions are answered in different ways by different men. But they are answered in some way by all men, even by those who consider themselves to have no theology at all. Christianity is the system which answers them in the most encouraging way. It says that virtue in the long run will be happy partly in this life, but much more in a life beyond the grave. It says that misery is partly the punishment of crime, partly the probation of virtue; but in the inexhaustible future which belongs to each individual man there are equivalents and over-payments for all that part of it which is undeserved. It says that virtue, when tried, may count upon help, secret refreshings that come in answer to prayer—friends providentially sent, perhaps guardian angels. It says that souls entangled in wrong-doing may raise themselves out of it by a mystic union with Christ, and burdened consciences be lightened by sharing in the infinite merit of His self-sacrifice. If you ask on what so happy and inspiring a belief rests, the evidence produced is in part supernatural.

This is not only a theology but a faith, the most glorious of all faiths. But those who do not heartily share it or who consciously reject it, yet give some answer to these questions. They have a theology as much as Christians; they must even have a faith of some sort, otherwise they would renounce human life. It may be stated perhaps much as follows:

"We have not much reason to believe in any future state. We are content to look at human life as it lies visibly before us. Surveying it so, we find that it is indeed very different from what we could wish it to be. It is full of failures and miseries. Multitudes die without knowing anything that can be called happiness, while almost all know too well what is meant by misery. The pains that men endure are frightfully

intense, their enjoyments for the most part moderate. They are seldom aware of happiness while it is present, so very delicate a thing is it. When it is past they recognise it, or perhaps fancy it. If we could measure all the happiness there is in the world, we should perhaps be rather pained than gladdened by discovering the amount of it; if we could measure all the misery we should be appalled beyond description. When from happiness we pass to the moral ideal, again we find the world disappointing. It is not a sacred place any more than it is a happy place. Vice and crime very frequently prosper in it. Some of the worst of men are objects of enthusiastic admiration and emulation. Some of the best have been hated and persecuted. Much virtue passes away entirely unacknowledged; much flagrant hypocrisy succeeds in its object.

"Still on the whole we find life worth having. The misery of it we find ourselves able to forget, or callously live through. Fortunately we have not imaginations strong enough to realize the sum of it, and we contrive to turn our thoughts away from the subject. And though the happiness is not great, the variety and novelty is. Life is interesting, if not happy. In spite of all the injustice which shocks us in human destiny, the inequality with which fortune is meted out, yet it may be discerned that, at least in the more fortunate societies, justice is the rule and injustice the exception. There are laws by which definite crimes are punished, there is a force of opinion which reaches vaguer offences and visits even dispositions to vice with a certain penalty. Virtue is seldom without some reward, however inadequate; if it is not recognised generally or publicly, it finds here and there an admirer, it surrounds itself with a little circle of love; when even this is wanting it often shows a strange power of rewarding itself. On the whole, we are sustained and reconciled to life by a certain feeling of hope, by a belief, resting upon real evidence, that things improve and better themselves around us."

This is certainly a very different faith from Christianity. Whether it deserves to be called a faith at all, whether it justifies men in living and in calling others into life, may be doubted. But it is just as much a theology as Christianity. It deals with just the same questions and gives an answer to them, though a different answer. Both views, whatever may be professed, are views about God. Christianity regards God as a friend; it says that He is Love. The other view regards Him as awful, distant, inhuman, yet not radically hostile.

It is said that such vague, general views do not deserve to be called Science. This is of course admitted. There exists at the present moment no scientific theology independent of the supernatural and of the search for final causes. But this is not because no such theology can be constructed, but merely because it has not yet been constructed. Evidently it is constructing itself fast. The more men come to know Nature and to feel confidence in their knowledge, the more eagerly they will consider what is the attitude of Nature towards human beings. This question is not one which is in any way removed from human knowledge, it is not one which it can be considered morbid to betray curiosity about. Yet this is the question of theology. Not only is it the only question with which theology ought to be concerned; it is the only question with which theology ever has been concerned. The theologies of the world are merely different attempts to answer it. If they have for the most part trespassed upon the domain of the supernatural, this has not been because theology is necessarily concerned with the supernatural, but in some cases because the line between the natural and supernatural had not been clearly drawn, in some cases because it was honestly believed that supernatural occurrences had happened and could be substantiated by sufficient evidence, and that such occurrences were calculated to throw new light upon the relation of God to man. If this belief was a delu-

sion, theology must fall back upon the evidence of Nature. She may have to alter her idea of God, she may have to regard Him with fear and cold awe as in the days before the Gospel was published; she may cease to be a faith, and may become instead an oppression—a scientific superstition. But theology will remain notwithstanding a perfectly legitimate science, one which, whether under that name or under another, men will always study with an interest they can feel in no other, one which stands in a more intimate relation than any other to morality, and must always be taught in conjunction with morality.

We lay it down then that the subject of theology is the relation assumed by the Universe towards human ideals, and, as we propose here to waive the question of the supernatural and to treat the Universe as consisting solely of the order of Nature, this will be the same thing for our present purpose as the relation assumed by Nature towards human ideals. But here we must beware of a common misconception. It is often said that when you substitute Nature for God you take a thing heartless and pitiless instead of love and goodness. Undoubtedly the God in whom Christians believe has much more of love and goodness than can be discovered in Nature. But when it is said that there are no such qualities in Nature, that Nature consists of relentless and ruthless laws, that Nature knows nothing of forgiveness, and inexorably exacts the utmost penalty for every transgression, a confusion is made between two different meanings which may be given to the word Nature. We are concerned here with Nature as opposed to that which is above Nature, not with Nature as opposed to man. We use it as a name comprehending all the uniform laws of the Universe as known in our experience, and excluding such laws as are inferred from experiences so exceptional and isolated as to be difficult of verification. In this sense Nature is not heartless or unrelenting; to say so would be equivalent to saying that pity and forgiveness are in all cases supernatural.

It may be true that the law of gravitation is quite pitiless, that it will destroy the most innocent and amiable person with as little hesitation as the wrongdoer. But there are other laws which are not pitiless. There are laws under which human beings form themselves into communities, and set up law-courts in which the claims of individuals are weighed with the nicest skill. There are laws under which churches and philanthropical societies are formed, by which misery is sought out and relieved and every evil that can be discovered in the world is redressed. Nature, in the sense in which we are now using the word, includes human nature, and therefore, so far from being pitiless, includes all the pity that belongs to the whole human family, and all the pity that they have accumulated and, as it were, capitalised in institutions, political, social, and ecclesiastical, through countless generations.

People are misled by the fact that Nature is often used in another sense, and opposed, not to the supernatural, but to man. Nature is, for shortness, often put instead of inanimate Nature. Inanimate Nature is of course pitiless. It consists of laws which, like the law of gravitation, take no note of happiness or misery, virtue or vice. But if we abandoned our belief in the supernatural it would not be only Nature in this restricted sense that would be left to us; we should not give ourselves over, as it is often rhetorically described, to the mercy of merciless powers—winds and waves, earthquakes, volcanoes and fire. The God we should believe in would not be a passionless, utterly inhuman power. He would indeed be a God, often neglecting us in our need, a God often deaf to prayers. Nature including Humanity would be our God. We should read His character not merely in the earthquake and fire, but also in the still small voice; not merely in the destroying powers of the world, but, as Mohammed said, in the compassion that we feel for one another; not merely in the storm that threatens the sailor with death, but in the lifeboat and the Grace

Darling that put out from shore to the rescue; not merely in the intricate laws that confound our prudence, but in the science that penetrates them and the art which makes them subservient to our purposes; not merely in the social evils that fill our towns with misery and cover our frontiers with war, but in the St. Francis that makes himself the brother of the miserable, and in the Fox and Penn that proclaim principles of peace.

Let us take one of the principal maxims of the supernatural theology, and observe how it is modified by the rejection of the supernatural. That the just man will assuredly be rewarded with happiness is a maxim resting upon evidence involving the supernatural. It depends upon belief in a God of much more goodness and justice than we can find in Nature; it assumes a future state of which Science furnishes no clear evidence. Even when the Psalmist, speaking merely of the present life, wrote, "I have been young, and now am old, and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread," he perhaps thought of supernatural interpositions by which evil was averted from the just man. Suppose now that we repudiate all such beliefs, and confine ourselves strictly to the facts of nature as we discover them from uniform experience. Let us suppose that the ordinary laws of Nature govern the lot of the just man, and that no exemptions are made in his favour. Do we find that these ordinary laws take no account of his justice, and that his prospects are in no respect different

from those of the unjust man? Is Nature, as distinguished from the supernatural, regardless of the distinction between virtue and vice? No doubt Nature is not a perfectly just judge. The just man has misfortunes like the unjust; he may suffer from accident or disease. His justice may be denied; he may suffer the penalties of injustice. All this may happen in particular cases, and yet no one doubts that on the whole the just man reaps a reward for his justice. A very simple law operates to reward him. By his justice he benefits the community, and the community, partly out of gratitude, partly out of an interested calculation, repay him for the service he has done. This law fails of its effect in a good number of cases, but in the majority of cases it does not fail. And when it fails, it seldom fails altogether. There is generally some reward for justice, if not always an adequate reward. Accordingly, not only Christians, or those who believe in something more than Nature, but those whose only God is Nature, and even those whose knowledge of Nature is very superficial, fully recognise that virtue is rewarded. "Honesty is the best policy" has become a proverb, and hypocrites have come into existence hoping to secure the reward without deserving it. We see, then, that those who believe in Nature only may be said to believe not only in a God, but, in some sense, in a personal God. Their God, at least, has so much of personality that He takes account of the distinction of virtue and vice, that He punishes crime, and that He relieves distress.

To be continued.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER_XLI.

THE strength of the storm is spent, the highest wave has struck the hill, and fallen back baffled with hoarse murmuring of sullen complaint, yet the spectators on the shore, and the sailors out at sea, do not feel as yet any change and are slow to believe in the sunshine and calm that is on the way to them. The winds moan and sigh in sharp short gusts that may be the beginning of a new storm, the waves climb and threaten the shore with angry white heads, only thrust a little less near each time of approach; it takes a long time to ascertain positively by observation that the tide has turned. So it usually is in seasons of great calamity, national or private, the worst is past long before the sufferers admit hope into their hearts, or are able to acknowledge to themselves that the severest stress of their pain is over. There are almost always recurrences of calamity, new threatenings, fears, great shakings of the worn out or wounded souls which keep the agitated sea of emotion heaving and quivering for a long time before it can rock itself to the old calm. Long years must often pass before we can look back on a season of affliction, and referring to an event or hour say, "Yes, that was the time when the waves went over our heads and the bitterness of death was tasted, but after that slowly and gradually we began to take heart again; there were fallings back, clouds returning after rain, but the heartening, the restoring season, set in after that hour."

The autumn months that followed Connor's and D'Arcy's escape to America were for the Dalys and their friends, and for the majority of the inhabitants of Good People's Hollow and its neighbourhood, one of those seasons of slowly

returning prosperity and content, broken by recurring anxieties and cares. The first days of Mrs. Daly's return from Galway with Lesbia and Pelham were clouded by anxiety about Ellen, whom they found at Good People's Hollow in a state of such extreme weakness and prostration as hardly to be able to give an intelligible account of her night excursion down the lake, or of Connor's escape to the emigrant ship. Anne O'Flaherty had died during the night of her absence, and the shock of returning to the empty house, and of finding for the first time in all her experience, no one there to whom she could unburden her heart of its anxiety and agitation had been more overwhelming than all her previous suffering, or rather it had been the last straw of the long accumulating burden, under which her energies, now no longer tasked on any one's behalf, finally succumbed. For days and days she lay on her bed a prey to the slow consuming fever that had carried off so many victims from Ireland during the last sad years, not suffering much, and pronounced by Dr. Lynch to be in no present danger, but hardly ever conscious of what was going on around her, seeming to lead a curious double existence, in which she alternately lived over again the hours of the night journey down the lake, or accompanied Anne O'Flaherty across the dark waters of an unknown river, from the opposite bank of which voices hailed her, inviting her to approach nearer.

There was one person of the party who could distinctly have told what was the worst part of the suffering he endured in that eventful year. It was John Thornley, and he would have assigned his bitterest pangs to certain days when he rode up to the door of Happy-go-lucky Lodge with an intolerable ache of anxiety in his heart, and from an open

window wreathed with passion-flowers caught tones of the voice he loved best in the world, uttering mournful incoherent words that were now reiterated farewells, and now phrases of glad greeting and recognition that struck colder than even the farewells on his ear.

Anne O'Flaherty's funeral took place while Ellen's fever was at its height, and a fortnight after a second grave was opened in the churchyard under the hill, from which Connor and D'Arcy had resuscitated the arms, where the body of Peter Lynch was laid close to that of his mistress. The arrangements for both these ceremonies were left to Pelham's care, for John seemed just then unable to attend to the most necessary business, and in after times Lesbia was wont to boast of the tact and knowledge of the people which Pelham displayed on those occasions, satisfying even the most exacting, that the utmost point of old custom and traditional respect and observance was rendered to the memory of the two who had lately reigned supreme over the district.

"He pretends that I helped him," she would say in conclusion, "but I am sure I don't know how he can imagine such a thing, for all I ever did was to sit beside him while he considered exactly how poor Connor would have ordered all if he had been master here instead of us; and then he and I agreed together to carry out what we believed would have been Connor's wishes. Pelham does not object, as he once would have done, to the enthusiasm the people feel for him now, because they believe he suffered for the cause. Since he has been in prison with some of the boys and has got to know them thoroughly he can put up with their warm expressions of thanks and gratitude, and no longer thinks it humbug. He is even at the bottom of his heart very much obliged to them for having given him back their allegiance so readily, and being as glad as they all are, that he is coming back to Castle Daly to reign over them; as glad, it really seems, as they would have been if his father had

come to life again, or the revolution had succeeded, and Connor had got the estate back for his own. John says that it is very illogical of them to go on talking about him as if he had both suffered for the cause and given himself up, though innocent, to save his brother; because he could not have done the two things. The people about here, however, will always go on saying that he did both, and if they mean that double praise and gratitude are due to him, I think myself that somehow, in spite of John, their way of understanding his conduct must be the right one."

The satisfaction felt by the neighbourhood in the funeral observances with which Miss O'Flaherty and Peter Lynch were laid to their rest, though it did something to soothe the wild grief of the inhabitants of Good People's Hollow, did not by any means overshadow their anxiety for Ellen's recovery. This John Thornley had to acknowledge to himself when he went among the crowd assembled in and about the tent where Peter Lynch's wake feast was held. He had come out in a mood of restless misery, seeking not so much for distraction as for that bitter tonic of self-pity which he fancied would be afforded by the sight of other people's forgetfulness, contrasted with his own overwhelming anxiety, and he received a medicine different from that he had come to seek; the balm of a sympathy so pervading and true, that its subtle soothing could not but creep to the heart most resolved to hug its sorrow in solitude.

There was revelling here and there, and everywhere the eager delight at the sight of plenty which might be expected from those who had had want for their daily companion during three long years. But as John passed from group to group and listened to the words that fell from the lips of the feasters, he could not find any of the disgust or grudging in his mind that he had expected such a scene on the eve of a funeral, while the most popular person in the neighbourhood lay in peril of death, would have called up. He did not even wince when he heard Ellen's name passed

about by people who had been drinking and shouting a few minutes before, or feel greatly scandalized when girls broke from a dance to throw themselves on their knees in the corner of the tent, and begin with streaming eyes to recite the prayers they had vowed to offer hour by hour for her recovery. It might be all very grotesque, very inconsistent, very reprehensible, when regarded from a distance, but at the time, objections and repugnances were fused in the white heat of a common emotion, which through all the uncouth and childish forms of its manifestation proved itself true and deep. John even found that his English reserve could bear, without much pain, the shock of perceiving that his own peculiar right of participation in the prevailing anxiety was recognised and silently honoured, known even to mean what it did mean. To his own surprise he found himself not outraged and pained, but touched almost to tears when a bare-footed girl who had lately, with much blushing, brought up a ragged shamefaced youth and presented him to Lesbia, turned towards him and raising soft blue eyes to his face, offered him a bunch of white roses, with the information that they were gathered from a tree that Miss Eileen herself had planted by their cabin door, and that every future flower the tree might bear was vowed to the Blessed Virgin's altar for Miss Eileen's recovery.

"Shure," the girl added, with a shy glance at the boy still hovering near, "it's a tinder sympathy wid the true lovers our Blessed Lady has, for did not she hear me when I went to her for my own bachelor, that is my husband to-day, and put it into your honour's heart (the saints reward ye for that same!) to get him back for me out of prison?"

Bride Thornley, for whose speedy return John had entreated, arrived at the Hollow the day after Peter Lynch's funeral, and a few hours after her entrance into the house was installed in full charge of the sick-room. Order, regularity and calm seemed to follow her steps, and from that day the invalid

began to mend. Bride would not have permitted a wake to take place within a few yards of the room where her patient lay sick of nervous fever, and she could not conceal the contempt she felt for the excuses which John and Pelham urged in excuse of their compliance. After a trifling disagreement, however, on that score, everything went smoothly. Mrs. Daly who was of too anxious a temperament to make a good sick nurse, was thankful to yield the chief management of the sick-room to Bride's skilful hands, and Ellen, who had never in her days of health sought Bride's company, turned to her in her suffering and weakness with an absolute clinging dependence that laid a strong hold on Bride's generous nature, and banished every shade of jealousy or grudging from her heart for ever. As day by day little tokens of amendment in the patient's state appeared, and were attributed by Dr. Lynch to Miss Thornley's careful nursing, fresh links were woven between these two, and when Bride dressed Ellen on the first day of her leaving her room she did not feel as if it were the old rival whom she had distrusted and been tempted to envy, whose golden hair she arranged with affectionate pride, but rather some altogether new creature whose charms and whose manifold sweetness were in some sort a possession of her own that could hardly be rightly appreciated by any one but herself. It had not come into her previous experience to be brought into close intimacy with a person to whom expressions of affection, and tender flatteries, and eager acts of love came spontaneously, and followed feeling as necessarily as breathing does being; and after the first surprise she could not deny that this gracious warmth of nature was pleasant to her and would be missed as the unclouded sunshine of southern lands is missed by those who return to colder climates. She began to dread the thought of living out of sight of the one face that now always flushed with pleasure when she came near, out of reach of the hands ever ready to be stretched out towards her for wel-

come or caresses, out of hearing of the voice that in all the feebleness of sickness had been so profuse in thanks for every little service rendered. She did not know that she could face the blank such a loss would leave any better than John could really face the estrangement he was always anticipating as the end of their present engrossment in the Daly's affairs.

When Ellen was well enough to be left for an hour or so of an evening, Bride and John used to pace up and down the short garden walk in front of the house while Pelham and Lesbia indulged in endless lovers' talk in the sheltered nook of the bridge head that had been the lovers' corner ever since the bridge was built. Then John always propounded the same plan for their joint future lives which Bride always listened to with the same consciousness that he was longing all the time for her to dispute its inevitableness, and the same wonder at herself for the pain it cost her not to be able to do so truthfully. They were to remain a few weeks longer in Ireland till Lesbia was married, and till such arrangements could be made as would enable Ellen Daly to manage the Good People's Hollow estate, left her by Anne, advantageously, then they would take their departure together and spend a year or so in foreign travel, out of the way of being called upon to take part in events which the next year would certainly bring, viz., the departure of Ellen to join Connor and his friend in America, or, if such a course could be safely ventured, the return of D'Arcy O'Donnell to fetch his bride, now well enough endowed for such a marriage to be possible. How delightful the prospect of that foreign tour would have been to Bride once, and how she hated now to hear John hold forth upon it with that look of determined resignation on his face, with those long pauses between his words, which were, she knew employed in listening for the chance of a low voice calling them from the window, or in watching for the appearance of a thin white hand put forth to beckon them in. How jarring it was when, instead, the

wind brought sounds from the bridge head, sounds of soft mirth and infinite content—

"The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies."

Well, life is long after all, and bitterest disappointments are lived over, wound up into the life-web by the Norn's skilful fingers, and hidden away by new threads, of silver perhaps, if not of gold. It was actually only four years since they first came to Ireland; they came two, and they would leave two; and the new foreign home they would make for themselves would no doubt be at first dreary, then tolerable, and then calmly pleasant enough.

As the autumn closed in, the evenings were differently spent. Dr. Lynch was so well satisfied of his patient's re-establishment as to leave Connemara for Dublin, to give evidence in favour of the prisoners in the State trials going on there through October. He had seen and heard enough, he said, at all events, to speak to the inaccuracy of the statement sworn to by some of the witnesses—that Mr. Smith O'Brien had pointed out the police to his followers, and ordered them to "slaughter the whole of them." After his departure, the chief interest of the day was concentrated on the reading of his letters reporting the progress of the trials, which John fetched each morning from Ballyowen, and read aloud to Bride and Ellen at night.

Pelham's and Lesbia's wedding was fixed for a late day in October, and just a week before, the happy bustle of preparation was somewhat dulled by the gloom which spread over some members of the household when the news of the sentence passed on the prisoners reached them. John read aloud to the family circle, from which Ellen would not be excluded, the Judge's summing-up, the verdict of the jury, and the awful sentence of the law:—

"That you, —, and —, and —, be taken hence to the place whence you came, and be thence drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and that each of you be there hanged by the

neck till you be dead ; and that afterwards the head of each of you shall be severed from the body, and the body of each be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as her Majesty shall see fit : and may the Almighty God have mercy upon your souls."

There was a long silence after the words were read, and deep sobs from Mrs. Daly were heard through the room ; but Ellen lifted up the face she had hidden in her hands, dry-eyed, though pale as death.

"Is it very selfish," she asked, in a faint, awed voice, "that I can feel nothing?—but, oh, such thankfulness for the omission of one name that might have been in that sorrowful list? I shall be very sorry for those others soon ; but just this minute I can only be thankful." She held out her hand to John as she spoke, and he took it and kept the trembling fingers in his steady clasp, till Bride came forward, and carried off her convalescent to bed.

John was alone in Anne's turret-room when Bride came down stairs again, spreading out his papers on the table, and preparing for a long evening's work.

"You heard her, John," she said, coming up to him eagerly. "You heard it plainly she said *one* name, and she could not have forgotten her brother ; it was Connor's name that rose up in her mind ; it was Connor who occupied her thoughts so exclusively, as to shut out every one else. I am certain of that."

"Yes, so am I," said John, deliberately. "I have thought it over, and I am convinced she meant Connor ; but what of that ? It was one moment's strong feeling, the love of kindred that in such hearts as hers asserts its supremacy over everything else at times : we ought not to conclude anything from that."

"But, John, now we have begun to speak on the subject, I have something else to tell you. You really must let me speak."

"It cannot be anything of importance."

"But it is something of importance, and I may not be able to get it said if
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I don't speak now. Yesterday, in looking over a drawer full of old papers of Anne O'Flaherty's, Ellen came upon a letter of mine, addressed to her more than a year ago—at the time when you paid that hasty visit to Ireland. You remember the occasion of it, John ?"

"Well."

"She put my letter into her pocket without re-reading it ; but when I came back into the room an hour after, I found her crying over it as if her heart would break."

"You had better not have told me this. It is hardly fair towards her, now that you and she are so much to each other, for you to watch her changes of mood and carry them to me ; and it is doing me no kindness. To be disturbed by false hopes, when I am learning to think of her as pledged to another is more than I can bear. Don't try to do it, Bride. Never tell me anything about her again. Let it be a sealed subject between us as hitherto."

"No, no, no !—it shall not. I have been silent a long time, John ; I have listened to all your doleful plans, and seen you struggling from day to day, to ossify yourself into a statue of despair, and I have not said a word for fear of hurting you ; but now that my own common sense tells me you are making a mistake, I will not hold my tongue any longer. And, John, I never thought I should speak in this fashion to you ; but it has come to this, it is for my own happiness I am plotting quite as much as for yours. I can't afford to let her go out of our lives much better than you can ; and I tell you this frankly, that if you have not courage to win her and make your life complete, I shall not go away contentedly with the sullen spoilt half of you that will leave God People's Hollow with me. She must be a witch, for she has got hold of me so completely that I cannot any longer be satisfied with you alone. I shall always feel that something is wanting, and that you will never be worth all you might be even to me, if you don't get her."

"You don't suppose that I want your testimony to that, do you ? You
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don't suppose that I can't feel *that* better than you?"

"I want to be sure that you feel it enough not to let pride or any other folly lose you a chance of happiness."

"You may be sure that pride shall not. I should have asked her again twenty times over if nothing but pride stood in the way."

"Then let me tell you all I have discovered."

"No, no; she would not like it, and I don't believe you can have discovered anything about her that I don't know by intuition already; but I am all the same obliged to you, Bride, for your zeal, and it will be a link between us whatever falls out, and a spur to urge me to bring a little more than that disagreeable maimed half-self you describe to our common home if we do go away together. Now leave me to write my leading article in favour of a reprieve being granted to the rebels; it must be sent off by the early post to-morrow."

Bride retired to her room, but she observed that John did not immediately turn to his work. She heard him open the front door, and saw him set out in the cold October moonlight for a walk up the valley. On coming down stairs in the early morning next day she found the newspaper article written and folded to go by the post. The state of the candles burned down to the sockets showed that the work had not been completed till very far into the night; yet John did not seem at all fatigued by the loss of rest; there was more vigour and brightness in his face when he appeared at breakfast than she had seen there for many a day.

The short busy days that were carrying Lesbia on to her crowning day passed in a whirl of occupation with most of the household. Mrs. Daly was a little scandalized that John could seldom be found to give an opinion on any of the arrangements for his sister's wedding. During that last week he was generally either shut up in his study writing newspaper articles or reading MS. to Ellen, and asking her advice how to make a sentence more telling, or an argument in favour of leniency towards

the State prisoners more convincing. She thought it a little strange and unsympathetic of those two to be more occupied with questions of politics than with the approaching event in their own families, but Bride's diligence was sufficient for the despatch of all necessary business, and the sight of Pelham's triumphant happiness, and Lesbia's attention to herself, so entirely satisfied her as to leave no room for plaintiveness. The wedding was to be celebrated at Castle Daly. Bride, who had lately been making constant excursions there, left the Hollow finally with John and Lesbia a few days before the day fixed for the ceremony, and Mrs. Daly followed her so as to arrive on the previous afternoon. Pelham gave his last evening to Ellen, who was not yet strong enough to bear the drive to Castle Daly, and was to be left at the Hollow one solitary day. He was very kind and tender to her during the hours they were alone together, while Ellen reclined on Anne's sofa, wheeled in front of the turf-fire, and Pelham sat on the low stool in the nook by the hearth that used always to be Connor's corner on winter evenings in the old times. They avoided all allusion to the past, and talked cheerfully of the bright future that was opening out for one of the two; and Pelham consulted Ellen about his plans, asking her advice as to his future conduct towards his tenants and dependants with a deference to her superior knowledge of the people which, while it gratified her, gave her a strange sensation of having died to her girlish self, and wakened up in the middle of Anne O'Flaherty's life, with all her former cares resting on her shoulders, and the task given to her of advising the owner of Castle Daly, which Anne had exercised for so many years.

Ellen rose early the next day and saw Pelham ride off in the dewy October morning to his wedding. She fastened the last of the passion-flowers from Anne's favourite creeper into the button-hole of his coat with a keen recollection of how she had intended to bestow some of its earlier blossoms, and then stood in the open doorway and watched his figure

lessening along the winding road till it was lost among the low bushes on the hill-side. The valley had never looked fairer, or showed more like an enchanted region, jewel-paved with emerald and diamond and azure, than it appeared when Ellen found herself left alone to gaze on the misty outline of its protecting hills, the blue thread of its winding river, its opal-coloured lake, and its green slopes all growing momentarily more distinct in the brightening sunshine. There was the old glamour of beauty, but there was something wanting; the old sights were there, but not the old sounds. A strange silence reigned all about the place that fell like an ache on Ellen's heart, and ere long sent her back with fast-filling eyes to shut herself into the empty house. In vain she told herself that as far as the house was concerned it was only the solitude of one day. Her mother would return happier than she had ever been before, and there would soon be visits from bride and bridegroom, and new interests and pleasures and occupations would spring up, making Happy-go-lucky Lodge a centre of happy life again. As she was quite alone Ellen thought she might spare at least half her thoughts from the joyous event of the day that occupied everybody else entirely, and give herself up for a little space of time to communing with the past, to wandering about the turret-rooms, and in and out of Anne's haunts, and in imagination peopling them with the figures and faces so familiar to them once, but which they would now know no more. This at least was her uppermost train of thought as she crept languidly up and down stairs, and stood for half-an-hour together looking vacantly round the sitting-rooms. Visions of Anne, and Peter Lynch and Connor, and Murdock Malachy seemed to fill her mind to the exclusion of everything else, and yet if she had spoken out aloud the thought that weighed heaviest on her heart, and seemed to underlie and form a dark background to all her sad recollections, she would have repeated a sentence that had fallen from Pelham's lips on the

previous evening, when he had asked her advice on the plea that his old adviser, John Thornley, would soon be altogether out of reach, since he and Bride had decided on starting on their foreign tour immediately after the wedding. The house would not miss them; *they* could not be reckoned among its old frequenters; their faces and figures had no right to come among the throng which Ellen's fancy called up, and whose absence she mourned over; and yet she could not deny to herself that it was the thought of their desertion that made the future she pictured herself as leading in these rooms, so empty of interest, so full of cares too heavy for her to bear alone. Towards afternoon she lay down on a sofa by the turret window and, quite worn out with the agitation of the morning, fell asleep, and slept for some time, till about an hour before sunset she was awakened by the sound of horse's hoofs on the bridge. She had told herself a great many times during the day that she must not hope for news from Castle Daly till the next morning. No one could be expected to come out to the Hollow on such a busy day merely for the sake of saving her a few hours' solitude and giving her the morning's news a little earlier than her mother could bring it. She had told herself this many times, yet when the turret-room door opened, and John Thornley entered with a bridal-bouquet in his hand, and good news written on his face, she did not feel exactly surprised; she all at once understood that she would have been bitterly disappointed and very unhappy indeed if he had failed to come. Lesbia had sent Ellen her bride's-bouquet, John explained, and Ellen, taking it from his hand, buried her face among the orange blossom and white roses, while he took a seat by her sofa, and proceeded to satisfy her curiosity about the morning's ceremony. If he had come solely as news-bearer he did not perform his errand very satisfactorily. His voluntary remarks soon came to an end, and Ellen found it difficult to drag out any but the shortest and least intelligent answers to her questions.

"Why you might almost as well have been here with me all the morning for any interesting information you can give me," she said at last. "You don't seem to have seen anything that happened; you must have been dreaming the whole time. I don't suppose there is a child above three years old in all Daly's Corner who could not tell me more about how the bridegroom looked, and how the bride behaved, and what everybody said and did and ate and wore, than you seem able to do."

"Perhaps I was dreaming; it was very much out of place; for by rights on such occasions the bystanders are wide awake and critical, and the principals have the privilege of not knowing what they are doing. However, don't suppose that I am guilty of the presumption of coming to the Hollow to describe what I have not been observing. It was to give you some other news that I rode out here to-night."

"It is not bad news, I can tell by your face. The State prisoners are relieved."

"I told you that was certain from the first; and if you had looked into the newspaper I sent you this morning, you would have seen the official announcement of the change of their sentence to transportation for life."

"Then you have something else to tell me?"

"Letters from America have arrived at last."

"You have brought me one from Connor?"

"Connor's letters are to your mother and Pelham, and Mrs. Daly was not able to spare hers for you when I started. She had not read it often enough. She will bring it herself early to-morrow. The best I could do for you was to bring you a short note that fell to my share."

"From Connor?"

"No. Would it be too great a favour to ask you to go out with me to the bridge head? I could talk better there; and I want you to read my American letter, and explain a sentence in it I

cannot understand. The air is warm still, and I think you walked as far as the Bridge with Pelham yesterday."

"Oh, yes; the walk will do me good."

But though Ellen set forth bravely, her limbs trembled under her before the little space was crossed; and she was glad to find a seat on a moss-grown coping-stone that had long ago fallen from the parapet on the further end of the bridge, and to lean her head back against the wall. It was not fatigue, for she had walked much farther yesterday without being tired; it was something in John's face that agitated her, making her feel that she had once more come to a turning-point in her life when, perhaps—perhaps—all that she had once thrown away might again be placed in her hands to take and keep. John waited silently a few minutes, till she had so far recovered her strength and breath as to volunteer a faint remark on the beauty of the evening, before he took a letter from his pocket, and, unfolding it, placed it in her hands.

"Read," he said, "it is only half a page; read, and I will come back to you."

He walked away towards the house so as to avoid watching her as she read, and Ellen, in some bewilderment, turned her eyes on a sheet of foreign letter-paper, about half filled with D'Arcy O'Donnell's writing. What could he have to say to John Thornley, whom (as far as Ellen knew) he had never seen? The letter began—

"DEAR FRIEND,—In these modern days, heart's blood and tears are, luckily for us poor poets, sometimes convertible into gold. I have coined some of mine, viz., 'A Call to the Kelts,' and a 'Farewell to Ireland,' printed in *Harper's Magazine*, and herewith despatched to you, with the payment I received for them, being the exact amount of my debt to you. Don't suppose I dream of wiping out in such fashion the obligation incurred by me to you on my last evening in 'ould Ireland.' My gratitude for that is a part of my life, and will

only cease with it ; but I want to show you that I have lost no time in following your advice in my own fashion. If you will do me one more favour, read my verses to my cousin Ellen Daly, and tell her that, rebel as I am, and shall always remain, against English supremacy, there is one union between Kelt and Saxon that will have my blessing upon it whenever it takes place. Connor has enlightened me—but I knew it before—and tender you my good wishes most heartily. Of course, you have told her long ere this what you did for me, and it will have pleased her. Yours faithfully,

"D'ARCY O'DONNELL."

Ellen had risen from her low seat, and was standing in the middle of the bridge, looking down over the parapet into the river, with the folded letter clasped between her hands, when John returned to her. She did not move or alter her position at the sound of his step, nor even when he came close and stood at her side, till, unable to bear the suspense any longer, he gently touched her shoulder, and said—

"Well, have you read?"

Then she turned a face to him into which all the colour and life of old times seemed to have rushed back suddenly, restoring her from the sick, drooping girl of the last few months, to the brilliant Ellen Daly he had first known and loved. The once pale cheeks were full of colour—the eyes of tender, dewy light as closely allied to smiles as to tears.

"I want first to know what you did for him," she said, hurriedly, but timidly, holding out the letter to John. "Yes, tell me at once; it is a part of the history of that dreadful week before I was taken ill, of which I know nothing, and yet (dropping her voice very low) it would have done me good; it would have comforted me beyond anything."

Then John crossed his arms over the parapet, and, leaning so as to look full in her face, gave her, in a voice that he found it hard to keep steady throughout, a detailed account of the events of the afternoon when he had seen D'Arcy

O'Donnell for the first and last time; the attempted sale of the emerald ring; his arousing D'Arcy from sleep in the little parlour over the baker's shop; their walk through the Claddagh; their last words on the shore; his own reflections as he sat on the sand-bank and watched the little boat that was bearing O'Donnell away drop down westward.

"It was of you I thought," he said, in conclusion. "It was the lucky man you loved, I believed I was sending away from death or imprisonment. If I could secure your happiness even so, I believed at the moment that I should be content. During these last months there have been times when I have found it very hard to bring that persuasion into your presence. I had come to the conclusion that I could not bear the struggle any longer; that I must leave you for ever. Since reading that letter this morning, the possibility of my being mistaken as to your feelings for your cousin, and of there being still a hope, however distant, for me, has entered my mind. If there is absolutely no hope, tell me at once, and let me go; for less than ever shall I be able to bear the blank of despair, if this gleam goes out in darkness; but if there is a hope—I don't say that you love me already—but that you might possibly come in time to love me, then keep me near you to work for you; at least, till you are stronger, and can do without me. Hold out your hand to me, and I am your servant for as long as you like."

"Nay," said Ellen, holding out her hand; "there would be no use in your staying for that. I have plenty of servants, and the trouble is that I don't know what to do with them."

He took the other hand and drew her towards him.

"But I may stay; and you will try to learn to love me a little?"

"I never believed much in trying; it would not come to me that way," said Ellen, yielding both hands, and allowing herself to be drawn into his arms; "but—"

"My darling, I do believe you mean to say that you love me already."

There was no denial, and little more

was said till, when they were sauntering back to the house together, John stood still abruptly by the door-step, and exclaimed—

"It is so wonderful, so bewildering to me, I cannot enter into the joy of it as I ought. You must tell me a little more of the when and the how, to give me certainty."

"Perhaps," Ellen answered, with a trembling smile and a very dewy light in the eyes she raised to his face, "perhaps it began with the shame I felt for having behaved so badly to you just here, when we stood and said good-bye a year ago, and you went into the turret-room and complained of me to cousin Anne; or perhaps it began long, long before, when we knelt in Dennis Malachy's ruined cabin together that night, and I felt, without understanding it, that my father's love and indulgence for me had passed on to you. I believe it *was* then; though I only knew what had happened to me by the pain that came when I thought I had driven you away from me for ever."

Then, when he would have embraced her again, she ran from him up the steps, and, turning round, placed her hands lightly on his shoulder.

"No, you must not follow me; you must not come in. It seems very inhospitable, but I don't want you to come into Happy-go-lucky Lodge to-night. You must ride home now, and tell mamma and Bride. I want to give this one more evening to thinking of Anne, and living over again in my memory all the dear little odd old ways of the place. You may say what you like (for he was beginning eagerly to interrupt her) about wishing to keep up all the old ways, and bringing no change. I know all you will say; but it's no use. You are not Peter Lynch, and could not and should not make yourself into him, if you tried ever so; and it *will* be a new life that will have to begin here by and bye. I must spend the last hours of Pelham's wedding-day in giving the old Happy-go-lucky ways a decent 'waking' all by myself."

Some summers ago a traveller in the west of Ireland, while traversing a cross-road among the Joyce hills, not mentioned in any of the guide books, was brought to a sudden halt by the disappearance of the horse between the shafts of the outside car on which he was riding, and his own descent upon a ridge of turf that lined the road. No one was hurt, but a wheel was off the car, and one of the shafts injured; and the driver, after spending a quarter of an hour in very vague attempts to repair the damage with a few yards of thin string that he produced from his pocket, subsided finally into scratching his head, and abusing the road that had caused the misfortune, and himself for his presumption in venturing upon it.

"Shure," he said, "it's one of the roads that was devised and made in the famine year, and few people take the trouble to drive along it or notice it at all. Why would they? seeing it's not the way to anywhere, and there ain't many cars and horses that would have the constitution to get to the end of it, if it tuck them to the gate of heaven itself, barring the three-wheeled car that Miss O'Flaherty built, and the sacret of that died out wid other things in the times of the black troubles ye'll have heard of."

"But," remonstrated the traveller, "you assured me when I hired the car that you were perfectly well-acquainted with the road, and that it was the most direct way to a gentleman's seat situated on an island in a little lake among the Joyce hills which would well repay the trouble of a visit."

"And why would it not repay your honour's trouble? Shure it's there before yer eyes to look at, a step or two beyant; the road's as straight as an arrow, bad luck to it, for that's the way they made all the roads in the famine time. If ye follow it on and on, ye can't fail to come in time to an opening between the hills, and ye'll see a fine gravelled path wid an iron gate at the head of it, and trees planted all up the hill-sides. If ye turn into the path it'll take ye straight to a beautiful summer house, a fine place wid pillars, and cushioned seats to rest

in, that the gentleman that owns the Hollow now has had built in the very spot where the valley and the lake can be seen to the best advantage. Nothing could be more convenient for your honour than that the horse, poor baste, should have come down wid ye just here, for he's given ye a fine excuse and a rason for staying in the summer-house, which isn't a mile from the Lodge itself, as long as iver you plase, till I come back wid a fresh car and fetch ye away."

"You are sure that I shall need an an excuse and a rason?" asked the traveller, with a curious twinkle in his eyes. "The place is not a show place, I think you said, and a stranger who presented himself without an introduction would stand a chance of being turned away from the inhospitable door. Things were different I suppose in the time of that Miss O'Flaherty you alluded to just now?"

"Yer honour'll have heard of her in foreign parts; but that's quare," glancing curiously up into the stranger's face. "She's a dale thought of in the country still; but I can't say that I remimber myself the good times before the troubles whin she reigned in the land, not being to the fore in those days. Thim that has the knowledge do say the doings then was quite beyant anything that can be shown now, not that we've much to complain of in the jintleman that owns the Hollow, barring that he's an Englishman, and has by times notions of his own, and the lady comes of the ould stock of Dalys and O'Flahertys, and is loved and honoured far and near. If ye'd had the luck to meet her (ye'd have known her by the golden hair on her head), ye'd only have had to say that ye'd come by an accident on the bad road, and that Peter Malachy was the boy that was driving ye, and she'd have taken ye into the lodge and given ye the best of intertainment, as indeed happened to a lady I was driving just to this very spot ten days ago. 'Twas on St. Pater's day by the same token that the young lady, Miss Eileen herself, was passing in the car wid her governess on the way to church, and

they stopped to see if any-one was hurt, and took the strange lady back wid them to the Hollow, and she turned out to be some sort of an English relation of the master's and of his sister up at Castle Daly, and they kept her among them a month and more. Ye might have had the same luck yerself if ye'd come by this little overthrow a week ago; but now the lady's away in London, and there's nobody at the lodge to recave ye."

"You are sure of that," exclaimed the traveller, with a perceptible start and change of countenance. "You have it on good authority that the lady is from home just now?"

"And indeed on the best, for 'twas the young lady herself tould it to me own grandmother the last time she rode up to our cabin on her pony wid a compliment of tay and shugur for the poor old cratur that has been bedridden these three years. 'Mrs. Malachy,' says she, 'it's a double quantity I've brought ye to-day, because it'll be a long time before I'll see ye again; we're going the whole of us to London,' or maybe it was Liverpool she said, 'to meet our uncle that's coming all the way from Ameriky to see us;' and they do say (lowering his voice) that the jintleman expected is one of thim that had to fly the country after the '48. God send him a safe voyage and a hearty welcome home, and the same to as many more of the loike of him as can come!"

"Your name is Malachy, I think you said," remarked the gentleman, putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket; "have you been settled in this part of the country long?"

"Since before I was born, yer honour. We came from Westport way, being starved out of our houlding in the famine; and the jintleman at the Castle put my father into a bit of a place a mile or two from here that had belonged once to a far off cousin of our own on account of the kindness that he has to the name of Malachy. It's a lucky name to own in these parts, I can acquaint yer honour, for the quality at the Castle and at the Hollow don't seem to know how to make enough of the

five of us left to claim it. Just say up at the Lodge whin ye git there that it was young Pater Malachy, the boy wid the red hair, that druv ye and overturned ye, and there'll not be a nook or corner of the house that won't be open to yer honour to look at."

The stranger smiled, and brought a still broader smile into the face of his companion the next minute by slipping a piece of gold into his hand.

"I will walk up to the house, I think," he said, "and try the effect of your spell. You had better go back to the next cabin and get help with the car and horse, and you can bring the portmanteau up to the big house later, and I will give you directions then where to take it."

The vague phrase in the traveller's orders was interpreted liberally, and the day was a good many hours older when Peter Malachy, who had meanwhile spread abroad this new proof of the luck attending his name appeared before the iron gate with the traveller's portmanteau and hat-box on a wheelbarrow, which he proceeded to wheel leisurely along the gravelled path to the summer-house he had so minutely described. The sound of voices in conversation greeted his ear on his approach, and purely for the sake of gaining information as to the whereabouts of the quality at the Hollow for the edification of his generous patron, Peter shoved his wheelbarrow aside among the shrubs, and creeping cautiously behind the house, put his eye to a crevice in the woodwork, and peeped in. To his surprise he discerned his late passenger engaged in eager conversation with the lady and gentleman of the house. They had their backs turned to him, and their faces to the view, but Peter had no doubt of their identity. The golden braids wound round the lady's head which her garden hat only half concealed, were enough to satisfy his mind, in spite of his late certainty of her absence in England, that the mistress of Good People's Hollow was before him. She was leaning on the arm of the strange gentleman, and Peter, crouching down and looking upwards,

could see enough of his side face for a sudden flash of happy conjecture to enlighten his mind. The silky yellow beard, the merry blue eye, the broad brow, the laughing lips—how could he have sat beside them half an hour without arriving at the certainty that it was the mistress's brother himself he was driving to the Hollow? They were speaking loud enough for him to hear every word. He no longer had the excuse he had given himself a minute or two ago for indulging his curiosity, but it would not be manners to interrupt the quality in the middle of a conversation evidently so interesting, and why not, when one has the chance, improve one's mind by hearing what they had got to say to each other.

"I am sorry you think the place so changed, Connor," the lady was saying, when Peter put his ear to the wall. "John and I flatter ourselves, that allowing for the alterations which changed circumstances and lapse of time must bring, we have been true to the spirit of the old traditions. We hope, at all events, that it is *Good People's Hollow* still."

"Yes, yes; but where *are* the people? that is what I cannot make out—to be sure I have only had a morning's experience—but though I see signs of prosperity about the place itself, and in the one or two cabins I have been in, I say again, where *are* the people?"

"Ah, you may well ask that, we can't keep them from going; and now that you are here to agree with me, I will say out to John's face that it is just the one grief I have in my life. My only grief, you understand, Connor avourneen, now that I have seen you again. I get no sympathy from John. He is so convinced that the character of this part of the country needs must be changed, and that to discourage the emigration, and induce people to settle here in their former numbers, would only lead to another famine, that he cannot mourn as I do over the deserted villages and the silent hill-sides. Those who do stay are better off than their predecessors. Peter Lynch would stare if he could look into the cabins, and

about the farmsteads on the estate now—yet they go—the least sign from over the sea, a breath of invitation from the relatives, who went in the bad times, tempts them away. It is the same thing round Castle Daly, though Pelham has become a proverb, for an indulgent popular landlord, and has even gone in for Home Rule, much to poor old Uncle Charles's disgust; and to John's secret vexation, I fancy, between ourselves."

"Not at all," put in another voice; "it is precisely the course I foresaw Pelham would take, if Lesbia succeeded in forcing him into parliament."

"Of course, I am not at all surprised to hear this," remarked the gentleman first addressed; "it is precisely what poor D'Arcy always prophesied. He said we should melt away like a rope of sand, if we failed to assert our nationality, at the crises of our misfortunes, when, though in the extreme of suffering, the fatal remedy of disintegration was not yet established. He lived to see all his forebodings carrying themselves out, and died, poor fellow, a martyr to the foresight that would not let him encourage new ill-timed attempts."

"Of course you think as he did—I know he was your guiding star to the last; and Connor avourneep, it was a ton load of apprehension taken from my heart when I heard he had pronounced against Fenianism. I did not know that his honesty was to cost him his life. But though he despaired, and though I know no good can come of desperate remedies, I can't help having my own hopes and dreams of seeing old Ireland triumphant even yet. Why should there not come a time of true prosperity and happiness for her at last?

Why should not the thousands who go away poor and ignorant, come back, not for war, but for peace, with riches, and wisdom, and good habits gained in the land of freedom and progress? Why should they not buy back their old lands, and settle themselves again where their fathers lived, and people the Green Isle with faithful loving sons and daughters, who have her name and her honour at heart, and hold them dearer than their lives? Why should not this be again sometime?

"Sometime! Ah, but when? Shall I tell you?

"When backward the river Shannon flows,
When on the salt sea blooms the rose,
When fruit on the barren rock we find,
Or when our rulers are just and kind."

"And that won't be in the days of Home Rule, give me leave to tell you," dryly observed the gentleman who had hitherto taken the least part in the conversation.

"Well," interrupted the lady quickly, "we won't drift into an argument this first morning; and, after all, Connor, dear, it's not yourself that ought to have a word to say against the emigration; for what are you doing but giving up the old home for the new one you have made for yourself out in the far West, and for the clever little American wife that is in it? I want to hear more about her. Do you really mean to tell us that she is as pretty as Lesbia, besides being so wonderfully clever? Let us move on. Our mother and Bride are waiting at the bottom of the hill with the children, whom you scarcely saw this morning; and I want you to satisfy my mind at once as to whether your Dermot or mine has most of the true Daly about him."

MACAULAY ON ARISTOTLE'S "POLITICS."

I OBTAINED at an auction, not long after Lord Macaulay's death, his copy of the Elzevir edition of Aristotle's "Politics," containing many marginal notes in his autograph. Some account of this annotated volume may, perhaps, fairly be considered as both generally interesting to scholarly readers of periodicals, and not altogether unimportant as a contribution to permanent literature.

According to my recollection of Macaulay's works (of which I was a more enthusiastic admirer before—through verifying, or rather non-verifying, his references, and applying Mr. Paget's criticisms in *Blackwood* and "The New Examen"—I very reluctantly became distrustful of him as a historian), there is very little about Aristotle, though "the first of those that know," throughout all his compositions; and my impression is confirmed upon consulting the elaborate index to the collective edition. It may, therefore, appear to be the more interesting and important to read what Macaulay noted without any idea of his *marginalia* ever meeting the public eye, when he, twice over, perused such a work as Aristotle's "Politics," studying it (we may, perhaps, say "reading-up" in his curious legislative character) at Calcutta, in 1835 and 1837.

Macaulay's celebrated and popular Essay on Bacon appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1837. Strange as it may seem, I believe that there is absolutely nothing about Aristotle in all that elaborate Essay, except a few words in which he says that, "after a residence of three years at Cambridge, Bacon departed with a just scorn for the trifles on which the followers of Aristotle had wasted their powers, and no great reverence for Aristotle himself;" and that the non-

utilitarian spirit of the philosophy of Seneca "may be distinctly traced in many parts of the works of Aristotle."

Perhaps I ought to remark that Macaulay had, many years previously, viz., in August, 1824, when at the ripe age of 23 or 24, and fresh from Cambridge, expressed his valuable appreciation of Aristotle; writing in his Essay on the Athenian orators, "Both in analysis and in combination that great man was without a rival. No philosopher has ever possessed in an equal degree the talent either of separating established systems into their primary elements, or of connecting detached phenomena in harmonious systems." And he adds, "With all his deficiencies, Aristotle was the most enlightened and profound critic of antiquity." The idea of young Macaulay's study of Aristotle suggests what he well expressed in the same early essay: "It will be found more nutritious to digest a page than to devour a volume," and may remind us of his amusing allusion to Rumford's scheme for feeding the Elector of Bavaria's soldiers at a much cheaper rate than formerly, by compelling them to masticate their food properly.

I think there is nothing at all about Aristotle, even as Alexander's preceptor, in the review of Mitford's "History of Greece" (Nov. 1824), the peroration of which, by the way, has been less noticed than might have been expected.

Macaulay read, as I have mentioned, the Elzevir edition (*Leyden*, 1621). It was edited by Daniel Heinsius, and contains, besides a Latin version in a second column, a paraphrase ("Cum perpetuâ Danielis Heinsii in omnes libros Paraphrasi"). Brunet says nothing about this edition; Ebert, for once saying something that is not to be found

in Brunet, "The annotations are of small importance, and the paraphrase unfaithful."

I may remark that there is nothing among Macaulay's copious annotations which shows, or suggests, that he was aware (of course he may have been) that the *Ἠθικά Μέγала* conduct us to the "Politics" (Πολιτικά), the connection between the two works being so close that in the former by the word *ὑπερὸν* Aristotle refers to the "Politics," and in the latter by *πρότερον* to the "Ethics."

On the first page of the First Book Macaulay has written, "Begun at Calcutta August 21, 1835.—Again March 8, 1837." (I shall give his exact words and figures throughout).

For brevity, I will indicate in a few words as seem sufficient, the passages in Aristotle to which Macaulay's remarks apply, and will annex the respective remarks, in inverted commas, without comment, except where some may appear to be required.

Lib. I. cap. i. p. 4. Aristotle quoting Hesiod's well-known verse,
Οἶκον μὲν πρόωιστα, γυναῖκά τε βούν τ' ἀροτήρα.

"See Mr. Shandy's comments on this passage of Hesiod."

The reference is to "Tristram Shandy," vol. v. chap. 31.

In the Greek text of the following page Macaulay corrects two very obvious misprints.

Lib. I. cap. ii. p. 11. *Καὶ ὁ ἀπολις διὰ φύσιν*,—κ. τ. λ.

"I do not see that government is natural in any other sense than that in which everything that is very useful and very obvious is natural—in the taming of animals for example, or the use of fire for cookery."

Ibid. p. 12. *Καὶ πρότερον δὴ τῇ φύσει πόλις ἢ οἰκία καὶ ἑκαστος ἡμῶν ἐστι. τὸ γὰρ ὄλον, πρότερον*,—κ. τ. λ.

"I do not in the least understand this logic. He might as well say that naturally the alphabet was invented before any letter in it was invented. But his *πρότερον* seems not to relate to order of time."

Ibid. p. 13. "See the paraphrase."

Lib. I. c. iii. p. 20. On slavery. "It never seems to have occurred to him that men might procure their *ἐμψυχα ὄργανα* without slavery. Apelles was an *ἐμψυχον ὄργανον*. But he was not the slave of those for whom he painted."

Ibid. p. 23. "Clever:—but surely all these analogies are merely metaphorical."

Ibid. p. 24. On slavery. *ἀναγκαῖον εἶναι καὶ ἐπὶ πάντων ἀνθρώπων*. "I do not see why." "The difference is made, not by nature, but by situation and education. The man who is fit only to dig or to carry burdens might if he had been born in a higher station have been a statesman or a philosopher."

Ibid. p. 25. "Yes, and some have the minds of poets, rulers, generals, philosophers, in servile situations."

Ibid. p. 26—8, at the end of the chapter. "Very clever but quite unsatisfactory. He should shew that in any state the line between freedom and slavery has ever been drawn so as to separate the natural lords from the natural slaves. If, as I believe, no such line ever was or ever will be drawn, the effect of slavery is plainly that a large proportion of men fitted by nature for the upper class are forcibly degraded into the lower, and placed under masters who are *φύσει δούλοι*. This is an answer on his own principles. It is clear besides that we may have all the advantages of the *ἐμψυχον κτημα* without slavery. And it is clear that where labour is free the *φύσει δούλοι* will necessarily become, in almost all cases, these *ἐμψυχα κτήματα*, while the *φύσει δεσποται* will have free opportunity to rise."

Lib. I. cap. iv. p. 37. "Heinsius seems to have read *ἐστι* instead of *οὐκ*." Surely a mistake of Macaulay's.

Lib. I. cap. v. p. 47. *Εἰ οὖν ἡ φύσις μὴθὲν*,—κ. τ. λ. "A bold inference."

Ibid. On the passage in which Aristotle says that hunting (*θηρευτική*) is a part of war, and that it ought to be carried on both against wild beasts (*θηρία*) and against those men who

being born to be ruled, are unwilling, "A convenient doctrine for an Indian statesman."

Lib. I. cap. vi. p. 57. "There is abundance of acuteness and thought in all this, though his views are by no means strictly correct."

Ibid. p. 58. *καθάπερ καὶ τὸν Μίδα* —κ. τ. λ. "Nay a man who has plenty of clothes and of drink may die of hunger. Yet you would call clothes and drink wealth."

Lib. I. cap. vii. p. 69. On usury. "A foolish prejudice."

Ibid. p. 69. "Antonio's 'breed of barren metal.'"

Ibid. p. 72. "Like poor Crisostomo in Don Quixote,

"El que viene será de guilla de aceito."

Ibid. "I fear that Aristotle overrates the advantages of philosophy in trade."

Lib. I. cap. viii. p. 84. "He refers to the doctrine maintained by Socrates in Plato's republic."

"I am quite of his mind. Half of Plato's philosophy consists in quibbles on words which the stronger mind of Aristotle discarded."

Ibid. p. 85. *δὲ λέγουσιν οὐ καλῶς* —κ. τ. λ. "This is a hit at Plato."

Ibid. p. 95, at the end of the Paraphrase on cap. viii. "He is a wonderfully clever fellow. August 22, 1835. —March 9, 1837."

Lib. II. cap. ii. p. 107. "The fallacy of Plato is a most absurd one: but it seems to me to lie in the *εἶπον*, and not in the *παρτες*. When A. and B. both say—this is mine—they utter the same words. But they are in truth contradicting each other."

Ibid. p. 109. "All this is excellent and unanswerable."

Ibid. p. 110. On the passage *ἄπορον δὲ καὶ τὸ κοῖνους ποιήσαντα τοὺς νιούς*, —κ. τ. λ. "The only passage which, as far as I recollect, proves the existence of this feeling among the Greeks?"

We are reminded of Mr. Paget's remarks upon the entire absence of love in Macaulay.

Lib. II. cap. iii. p. 123. "See

Xenophon on the Lacedæmonian Constitution."

Ibid. p. 125. "All this is as good as possible."

Ibid. p. 130, at the end of the chapter. "A most excellent Chapter."

Lib. II. cap. iv. p. 140. "It is curious that he speaks of Socrates as the author of the *Περὶ νομῶν*, in which his name never occurs."¹

Ibid. p. 141. "A most just and liberal criticism.

"It describes Plato exactly. *Περιπτον*, I take it, means copiousness."

Ibid. p. 143. *ἄπορον δὲ καὶ τὸ τὰς κήσεις ἰσάζοντα*, —κ. τ. λ. "This struck me in reading the *περὶ νομῶν*. It is most just."

Ibid. p. 146. "Aristotle satisfies me better while answering Plato than when giving his own opinions."

Lib. II. cap. vi. p. 176. "Admirable;" and p. 178, at the end of the chapter, "A most excellent writer."

Lib. II. cap. vii. p. 191. "He must mean Spartans, not Lacedæmonians." "Herodotus says, I think, that only one man was ever made a citizen of Sparta."

Here Macaulay is inaccurate. Both Tisamenus and his brother Hegias were made citizens. Herodot. IX. 33, 5.

Lib. II. cap. viii. p. 212. On the extraordinary statement as to the Cretan *νομοθέτης*. — *πρὸς τὴν δ' ἀζευξιν τῶν γυναικῶν*, —κ. τ. λ. "What a strange law." A very mild remark.

P. 241, at the end of the Paraphrase on the last chapter of Book II., "August 25, 1835. —March 10, 1837." Of course the respective dates of his two perusals.

Lib. III. cap. i. p. 245. *πολίτης δ' ἀπλῶς* —κ. τ. λ. "What the French legislators of 1790 called an active citizen."

Ibid. cap. ii. p. 259. *εἴπερ γὰρ ἴσιν κοινωνία τις ἢ πόλις*, —κ. τ. λ. "See Burke on the Regicide Peace. He has got into this track, though I do not suppose that he ever read Aristotle."

Ibid. cap. v. p. 292. *ὁμοίως δὲ πάλιν*

¹ Vide Plat. vol. viii. p. 1 (ed. Bipont, 1785). Continuatio Notitiæ Literariæ Jo. Alb. Fabricii. —T. J.

κάν εἶπον συμβαίνει, —κ. τ. λ. "It could happen only in a state where slavery existed, and I should think never even there."

Ibid. cap. vii. p. 314. ὥσπερ οὖν ἱατρὸν δεῖ δίδόναι τὰς εὐθύναις ἐν ἱατροῖς, —κ. τ. λ. "A fallacy. In the long run, the proper judges of those who do a thing are those for whom it is done."

Ibid. p. 315. ἀλλ' ἴσως οὐ πάντα ταῦτα λέγεσθαι καλῶς, —κ. τ. λ. "Very true," and below, "Exactly."

P. 388, at the end of the Paraphrase of the last chapter of the Third Book, "August 28, 1835.—March 13, 1837."

Lib. IV. cap. i. p. 393, 4, at the end of the chapter. "I do not see why the great mass of civil and criminal law might not be the same in Russia, England, and the United States."

Ibid. cap. ii. p. 398. ἀνάγκη γὰρ τὴν μὲν τῆς πρώτης καὶ θεοτάτης παρέμβασιν, εἶναι χειρίστην. "I think narrow oligarchy on the whole the worst form of government in the world."

I rather wonder that Macaulay does not quote, "Corruptio optimi, pessima." He would have written a very interesting article upon Algernon Sidney "On Government;" of which one is so often reminded in reading Aristotle's "Politics."

Ibid. p. 399. ἥδη μὲν οὖν τις —κ. τ. λ. "Plato," and below, "A mere dispute about words."

Ibid. cap. iv. p. 409, 10. εἰ γὰρ εἴησαν οἱ πάντες χίλιοι καὶ τριακόσιοι, —κ. τ. λ. "Yes—but there could hardly be such a community, though the use of slaves prevents it from being quite so absurd a supposition as it would seem in modern times. The 2nd supposition is however quite absurd. A few poor men who were stronger than many rich men would not be poor long."

Ibid. p. 419. Ὅμηρος—ἄδελον. "Plain enough, I think, from the context."

The reference is to Iliad II. 204. At first sight, it seems amusing that Macaulay should understand Homer so much better than Aristotle did.

P. 523, at the end of the Paraphrase of the last chapter of the Fourth Book. "August 31, 1835.—March 15, 1837."

Lib. V. cap. ii. p. 546. ὧν ἐν Κλαζομεναῖς οἱ ἐπὶ Χύτρῳ, —κ. τ. λ. "Plymouth and Devonport."

It would be easy to multiply instances, and reference may be made to the commentators, and geographers, and Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Ancient Geography."

Ibid. cap. iv. p. 557. κινδυνεῖται δ' αἱ πολιτεῖαι —κ. τ. λ. "Lord Bacon."

Ibid. cap. viii. p. 599. ἔστι γὰρ ὥσπερ δῆμος ἡδὲ οἱ ὅμοιοι. "The Venetian aristocracy carried this rule as far as it could be carried."

Ibid. p. 603. τὸ μὲν γὰρ ἐξείναι πᾶσιν ἄρχειν, δημοκρατικόν. τὸ δὲ τοὺς γνωρίμους εἶναι ἐν ταῖς ἀρχαῖς, ἀριστοκρατικόν. "I remember telling the people of Leeds this."

Ibid. cap. x. p. 628. καὶ τὸ τῷ πλήθει μὴδὲν πιστεύειν —κ. τ. λ. "True—Yet requiring qualification. For the jealousy which a tyrant feels of the great, often leads him to court the people; and his dread of the multitude to court the great."

Ibid. p. 632. ὁ δ' Εὐριπίδης ἐχάλεπαιεν, —κ. τ. λ. "A curious story."

Ibid. cap. xi. p. 654. Ὅσον περὶ Συρακούσας —κ. τ. λ. "A very fine passage. Mitford surely could never have read it."

Ibid. p. 655. πυραμίδες αἱ περὶ Αἴγυπτον, —κ. τ. λ. "I doubt this. The pyramids were probably built rather from ostentation than from any Machiavelian policy. The works of Polycrates at Samos seem to have been really useful, though doubtless costly. And the Pisistratidæ certainly were not enemies to public wealth, or to the diffusion of knowledge."

See Herodotus, III. 33, 125, as to the fortification of Samos and the μεγαλοπρεπείη of Polycrates.

Ibid. p. 656. εὐημεροῦντάς τε ἀναγκαῖον εἶναι —κ. τ. λ. "I do not believe that slaves are better off in democracies than elsewhere. What is the condition of the slaves in Louisiana and Carolina?"

P. 665, at the end of cap. xi. "A fine chapter indeed. 1835.—Most fine. 1837."

Lib. V. cap. xii. p. 676. Καὶ τοὶ [it should be καίτοι, with Bekker] πασῶν ὀλιγοχρονιωτεράι τῶν πολιτειῶν εἰσιν, ὀλιγαρχία καὶ τυραννίς. "Not true of oligarchies. Witness Venice."

Ibid. p. 678, 9. φησὶ γὰρ αἵτιον εἶναι —κ. τ. λ. "Strange absurdity to be sure." "He is not severe enough on this nonsense" (Plato's).

Ibid. διὰ τίν' αἰτίαν—; "Why, indeed."

P. 689, at the end of the Paraphrase of the last chapter of the Fifth Book. "Very good. September 4, 1835.—March 17, 1837."

Lib. VI. cap. iii. p. 706. οἷον, οἱ μὲν δέκα, οἱ δὲ εἴκοσιν—κ. τ. λ. "Curiously enough, this is the very proposition or nearly so which the *Edinburgh Review* has just made respecting the two Houses of Parliament."

Ibid. p. 707, at the end of the chapter. "True enough."

P. 758, at the end of the Paraphrase of the last chapter of the Sixth Book.

"September 6, 1835.—March 18, 1837."

P. 908, at the end of the Paraphrase of the last chapter of the Seventh Book. "September 9, 1835.—March 21,¹ 1837."

Lib. VIII. cap. i. p. 911. ἅμα δὲ οὐδὲ χρηὶ νομίζειν αὐτὸν αὐτοῦ τίνα εἶναι τῶν πολιτῶν, ἀλλὰ πάντας τῆς πόλεως. "The great error of all ancient governments and speculations on government."

P. 970, at the end of the Paraphrase of the last chapter (vii.) of the Eighth and last Book. "September 11, 1835. Surely this is an unfinished work. It is impossible to doubt that he would have gone on, as Plato did, to consider whether mathematics and astronomy ought to be parts of a liberal education. March 21,¹ 1837."

T. J.

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¹ The same date; from which it might appear that Macaulay read the whole Eighth Book, as well as part of the Seventh, in one day.

INDIAN NOTES.—I. THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

I.

THE writer of this paper had unusual opportunities, and many of recent date, for testing from a non-official point of view the opinions of official men, civil and military, in India; and perhaps equally unusual opportunities, from the same point of view, for testing the drift and tendency of native feeling, as indicated by leading and responsible natives in almost all parts of that vast country. There is much that is altogether dissimilar both in English society and native opinion in Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Agra, Lucknow, Gwalior, Patna, and Allahabad, representing, perhaps as fairly as any cities that could be selected, the general structure of society or drift of opinion. In Gwalior we have an English garrison in a strong native fort, Scindia's flag on the flag-staff, British troops in the barracks and lines, with the territory once governed by the redoubtable Ranees of Jhansi in sight. We occupy as it were an island in a turbulent Mahratta sea; and the island, though ours by occupation, is Scindia's by all other law. In Bombay we have a population within reach of English influences and undoubtedly more English in feeling than the population of any other city in India. The voyager by one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers has probably seen Cairo on the way, and intends to see Agra and Benares; he will be able, before he returns home, to compare the pyramids with the Taj and the famous marble palaces—the huge stone-heap of Egypt with some of the most graceful works of art that ever left the hand of man. Here all is Oriental. In Bombay nearly all is English. The flag of England flies proudly from a fleet of mast-heads in one of the finest bays in the world.

The houses are, in the modern sense, more English than they are elsewhere in the East. The Parsees, who are to Bombay what the Bengalees are to Calcutta, ride in "traps" and "buggies," and are present at European amusements. If they have antagonism at all to our race, they show it in the main by some such act as disputing the right of road, in which Englishmen somehow have a way of holding their own. Then the news is the latest to England, and the earliest to India. Moreover, the Parsee, the great merchant in Western India, travels. He rules at Aden, plants and sifts rice in the Sunderbunds, influences at once the trade of Rangoon and Cawnpore. In fact, he is the Jew, the Greek, and the Armenian in one, so far as Western India is concerned. Even the servants in Bombay are of European extraction, and speak English, as the Madrasses do in the south. In Bombay and Madras a man has little chance of employment as a house servant if he does not speak English; in Bengal he has little chance of such employment if he does speak it to the extent of knowing what Sahib says at table. Many other peculiarities of Bombay will occur to persons who know the country.

A run of, say 1,400 miles brings you to the capital of India. Your bedroom servant here is Hindoo, your table servant Mohammedan; society is wider in its range, and might be even somewhat imperial if it were not so largely made up of the two great "Services," which have often been wise and noble, oftener strong in action, but which from their very constitution never can be imperial in tone, and which some people think are yearly becoming less imperial. The English merchant contends for his place, holds his own against the Services, makes himself courted when money or dinners are in question; but he does not rule in the capital of India as European mer-

chants rule even in Alexandria. Calcutta certainly excels Bombay in having more of the traditions of the East India Company, even when the old spirit is gone. But if the tone of society is not mercantile in the sense of Bombay, nor military in that of Allahabad, neither does it at all equal that of Madras in its kinship with the spirit of those days when we contended for the footholds of empire. In going down the old narrow streets of Agra—the very stones existing along which Akbar drove—you hardly meet with a European face. In Benares you feel as if you were in a Hindoo hotbed—a place alive with ideas of which you know nothing. In Patna you may be made to understand that the Mahomedan conquest is still remembered by men who claim, often against evidence, to be of the race of the conquerors. In Madras, unlike any other of the prominent places in India, you are made to remember “John Kompany” and the mighty days of Clive and Hastings—the days when the East Indiaman was in all its glory, with its long, grand voyages, and when no “interloper” was allowed, under penalties, to land on a spot of ground where England’s flag flew on the Coromandel coast. I shall afterwards refer to these matters more in detail. At present I would aim at representing one fact, which I know will be disputed, in which I am satisfied my view will be misrepresented, but which nevertheless it is a plain duty to state fully and fearlessly.

In all parts of the country there is dissatisfaction; in many there is undoubted disaffection. The army is dissatisfied. If one asks why, one perhaps hears in every different locality a different statement of grievances. Perhaps it is that the civilians have taken away some more of the “plums” for which men go to India, and for which a soldier may have waited long and worked hard on comparatively slight pay. Some such complaints are obviously unreal; many are very real, and go to the roots of social comfort, embittering men’s lives. Civilians, again, complain of vexatious orders, of overwork, and

of much besides—complaints real or unreal as the fact may be. In nearly all cases men are looking, and naturally looking, for the means of ending their lives with a competency. The native of India surveys all this with very different eyes. If he is in the Civil Service, he asks why he is not paid as liberally as *sahib* is, and enabled to rise to any post for which he has ability. If he is not in the Civil Service, he asks why he should be put to the cost, which he cannot pay, of going to England to pass the examinations. If he is in the army, he asks why he is not allowed to rise above a certain grade. Then he is sure to add that “earlier conquerors were wiser than you English; one of the conquered race could, with merit, rise to any distinction.” The young man brought up in a Missionary College has the same feeling. If he is to be a missionary, why should he not be paid at the rate of the missionary sent from England? The European missionary does not, as a rule, take any more kindly to this question than the *sahibs* of the two great Services. I am not attempting, for the moment, to say how far the dissatisfaction here indicated is well grounded. I simply say that it exists, and that calm men, in all parts of India, when they concur in little else, agree that it is a source of impending danger. It may be said—has been said—that dissatisfaction always existed. This is true; but remember we have enormously increased our territory and our responsibilities. We have Englishwomen and children in all parts of India. During several months of incessant travelling, nothing seemed to me more worthy of notice, nothing more suggestive of thought to the looker-on, and of a deep undercurrent of almost sublime confidence and hardihood in our countrymen and countrywomen resident in India, than those English bungalows, scattered, often in complete isolation, over the immense territory, like trees in the Great Desert. The confidence is magnificent. But then

I remember also that, for instance, the great fort at Gwalior—a mile long, and rising, rock over rock, to an immense height from an extended plain—is garrisoned by one battery of artillery and from three to four hundred infantry. An able officer told me on the spot that it should not have less in war time than 11,000 men, or even more, if defended against a European force. It could be provisioned for an almost indefinite period. We have, it is true, a military station close at hand, and several at no great distance, with our railway power, but after all we have, on paper, only 60,000 European troops in India, and perhaps in fact only 45,000, exclusive of the Home depots, certain to be absorbed in case of a foreign war. No one who has once looked upon those English homes throughout India, or more than once passed over the scenes of the Mutiny, and stood by the graves of Lucknow and Cawnpore, can fail to have a vivid conception of the precious lives which hang materially, at this moment, on good statesmanship, on strict justice being done to all men, on an Englishman's word being kept, as natives of India say and think it was in earlier times, as an inconvertible bond.

On this point I have the evidence of two observant and responsible men, one of whom, Sir Dinkur Rao, I have permission to mention in quoting his exact words, spoken to me in the presence of the Chief Commissioner at Agra, Mr. Drummond; a man who in the height of the Mutiny proved the strength of a well-known faith in the people by refusing to enter the great fortress and actually going on the river, where he could have been reached by the mutineers, at any moment, with his family. They did not molest him in the least. Sir Dinkur Rao may now be best known as one of the native commissioners concerned in the trial of the Guikwar of Baroda, but he was known long before that as a man both of mark and probity. If there were nothing else to appeal to, his character might be judged from the fact that he

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learned the English language in eleven months, with no text-book but the "Wealth of Nations." His views on many subjects may be divined from the fact that he long ago gave up his use of our language, on the avowed ground that we were not doing justice to his country. I found him a short, thin man, with an extraordinarily quick eye, and a grave, calm face. He spoke slowly and carefully, apparently weighing every word, but with the utmost decision, and he spoke nothing that he did not wish known as widely as I could make it known. His loyalty is unquestioned. When the Mutiny broke out, he cast the die for himself and young Scindia for British rule, and again and again the lives of both were in extreme peril in consequence of this decision. Lord Canning once said of him: "Of all the men I have met, no one has impressed me more with a sense of natural ability." I think a distinguished living witness to the same effect could be found in Lord Lawrence. Mr. Drummond says of him: "He is the Nestor of India every word of his is pregnant with wisdom." And again: "In the mutinies he was looked on as the Englishman's friend; when the mutineers of the Gwalior contingent had murdered their officers and rushed into Scindia's presence waving their bloody swords, they called out for Dinkur Rao to be given up to them as the firm friend of the English Government. Scindia, however, was firm (Dinkur Rao was sitting behind him), and said, 'No, he is my servant, and no one shall touch him.' Dinkur Rao then at once sent out the fiery cross (pukar) to the Rajpoots, whom he had made his firm friends by his justice, courtesy, and good revenue management, and was answered at once by 10,000 Rajpoots of the fighting clans, and they told him 10,000 more were ready at a word. Armed with matchlock, sword and shield, they were a match for the rebels."

I must say, on the other hand, that I met people who did not speak in so friendly a tone of Sir Dinkur Rao, though I met none who questioned his

rare ability, his loyalty, or his honesty. The natives have for him a name which signifies "the honest," or "the honourable"—the "man of his word." In answer to a question, he said: "Once I was in the habit of saying that you were a people whose word was as if it had been written on a tablet of stone with an iron pen: now I can only speak of it as a promissory note. You promise and do not fulfil." I shall not attempt to follow now the reasons for this view. Sir Dinkur Rao spoke also of the security for life and property, and pronounced our police system radically unsound. I think he perhaps did not take into account the security we give to civilized nations for commerce, and how in that sense the boon conferred on India may ultimately be beyond all price, as it even now is of great value. I asked him as to native feeling. He replied that it never was more unfriendly to us, and never more dangerous. In fact, he added, "What I see and know has preyed upon my health. My friends say I am growing old. That is not it. I simply see great interests in peril." Many people will I have no doubt smile at this as the weakness of an old man who has seen dangerous times, but thoughtful Englishmen in India will not so treat such words from such a man. I subsequently met with the other gentleman to whom I have referred; a clever and well-read Mahomedan, whose name I am not quite sure I ought to give, but whose words I have at great length in his own writing. He said: "I was true to you in the Mutiny, as were many of my friends. We would not so cheerfully strike for you again." Another man said: "I am loyal because I know you to be invincible. If not, I tell you frankly I would be disloyal." This is a common idea merely put into uncommon words. It does not refer to the rule of the present Viceroy, or of any Viceroy, but to general principles of government.

How, in reference to such thoughts and expressions, however, will the

Viceroy's decision in the case of the trial at Baroda stand? Lord Northbrook is a man who neither privately nor publicly would break his word. He may be said to have won the entire confidence of native India, and to have done so by forbearance, courtesy, and gentlemanliness. The people of India believe him to be a Christian of the gentler kind, willing to do good even to those not "of the household of faith;" they perfectly understand that kind of Christianity. But not a line that reaches England from India, and not an Anglo-Indian one meets, has anything to say of the trial of the Guikwar other than that somehow there has been a cardinal error in policy, though it must be observed that different men come to this conclusion from very different standpoint. There need not have been any trial. Holding India on the tenure we do; knowing, as we do, where there is loyalty and where there is disloyalty; knowing how altogether foreign such a trial is to native ideas, the Commission was not at all necessary on any ground of policy. If deposition had followed, it was defensible. The Guikwar had indeed been allowed eighteen months in which to rehabilitate his government, but it did not follow that if his government was so entirely bad as to have become dangerous, that the probation should not be shortened. Natives would have grumbled at deposition in any case, but they would, at least, have understood a line of policy so essentially in accordance with their own traditions. They never will understand a policy which decreed the Guikwar a time of probation on the score of misgovernment, and then went back, over a long period, and condemned him, not for the crime for which he had been tried, but for the misgovernment for which he was on probation, and which, indeed, his new adviser, Sir Lewis Pelly, had all but said could be amended. Surely the deposition admits of no defence after a trial which the Viceroy himself, by the acceptance of the verdict, made to signify an acquittal. Native India will assuredly say (incor-

rectly no doubt, but that is not material to the fact), that an attempt was made to entrap the native chiefs into concurring with the act of deposition, and that the attempt failed; that, in short, the Englishman is untrue to his old policy and true to his newer one; that his word is only a promissory note, to be kept or not as he pleases. The contrary belief helped materially to win us India.

What really was involved in the inquiry? The Guikwar, who had been seven years a prisoner prior to his succession to the throne, was undoubtedly guilty of maladministration, irksome and galling to any just Governor-General. He was loose in morals, cruel, despotic, as his predecessor had been, and as many Eastern rulers are. He had married a woman of low birth, who was reputed to have a husband living. In short, people said of the new Guikwar much that is unfit for the public eye. An inquiry was instituted; a new political resident was to take the place of Colonel Phayre, with the clear understanding that the Guikwar was to be put on a stern probation which would decide the tenure of his sovereignty. Meanwhile the alleged attempt was made on Colonel Phayre's life—a real attempt in all probability—and the Viceroy struck out a bold and certainly a new policy—a policy heretofore unknown in India. He determined to bring Mulharrao to what was a public trial in all but name, and to institute for that purpose a court composed equally of Europeans and Natives, making plain to all the world that England had nothing to fear from publicity, that what she wanted was not an addition to her territory, but just government and public morality in her Feudatories. Taken on this ground the trial, provided the decision had resulted in a verdict against Mulharrao, would have been for the Viceroy a triumph of no ordinary kind. He would have condemned a chief by the verdict of chiefs, a proof in itself of the justice of the sentence that would have followed and of the soundness of the policy adopted. The decision would have been really great if it had meant a reso-

lution to abide by the issue raised. Unfortunately there were two inquiries afoot at the same time. There was the public trial—for trial it was, twist the word as we may—and there was a private investigation, taking note of all particulars of Mulharrao's rule from the first day of his accession to the gudee. The public trial resulted in the verdict of "not proven," the private investigation carried on under Sir Lewis Pelly, and upon which apparently Mulharrao had no check, of which indeed he probably had little time to think, and, further, which he had reason to believe was merely an informal friendly investigation, found him guilty, we may presume upon strong evidence, of two cases of torture and murder. Englishmen will observe with amazement that both the alleged crimes were committed as long ago as 1872. Comment upon these facts is hardly needed. This is the gist of what we find in the blue books recently issued, and with respect to which we have had so much self-congratulation. Lord Salisbury charily endorses both verdicts. That of "not proven," of which the public knew, is recorded in the Guikwar's favour, but with warnings against such a trial in future. That of "proven," of which the public knew nothing as fact, is made the ground of deposition. Again, it must be said, there might have been but one inquiry, and that strictly private; but assuredly a public trial, inquiry, or whatever we may call it, superseded all prior, as it ought to have put a stop to all collateral, private inquiry. There can hardly be two opinions as to this issue, nor can there well be two opinions as to the determination of the Secretary of State for India, all complimentary words to the contrary notwithstanding, not to be held responsible, at least to future times, for the policy adopted. It may sound unfair to Lord Northbrook to say this, but no one knows better than Lord Salisbury that the public opinion of our own nation and of other nations will pass over all argument and side issues, and seize upon the key fact,

which alone ought to have determined a momentous policy. It has been asked, "Ought the Viceroy, then, to have reinstated the Guikwar, knowing him guilty of base crime?" The reply is simple—There ought not to have been two inquiries at the same time; or both ought to have been alike public or alike private. Say what we may, shift the ground as we may, public opinion will pass over every other circumstance adduced, and fix upon this one fact as a key to the policy finally adopted, and to the verdict of impartial history.

At the same time no candid mind can doubt that Lord Northbrook decided in this trial, from a wish, almost ardent, to broaden English rule in India, and establish it in justice. It is certain that he never would attempt to fall back for an argument on the right of conquest, the curse of all nations that ever used that argument in any time. We have the right of conquest practically, it is true; but Lord William Bentinck, Lord Canning, and Lord Mayo, too (India never had a more generous ruler), found a higher and a more enduring right, and gave effect to their discovery in policy which, fairly developed, will survive all tides of conquest. Then surely on another point much talked of in India, there was no greater error in allowing the Guikwar to be defended by Sergeant Ballantine than there was in allowing old Ameer Khan to be defended by the late Mr. Anstey. Of course the cases were essentially different. In the one we were trying a merchant and money-lender; in the other, a prince who, in name at least, was independent. So far as the employment of counsel was concerned, however, the issue was the same in all, save the fact that the Guikwar's counsel was direct from England, and that in fierceness of denunciation he never at all approached Mr. Anstey. If, therefore, Lord Northbrook is to be condemned for trying the Guikwar on one count and afterwards condemning him on another, let it be fairly understood wherein the error lies. Assuredly it was involved in an attempt to confer on India

a great good, to "close the era" of annexations, to give to princes the security of law and the advantage of counsel, in fact, to raise the English name in the East. The first step could only be error from the fact that the Viceroy was in that particular "before his time," and that perhaps only the event could determine. The final proceeding no evidence adduced, no evidence yet to be brought forward, can justify. An officer of experience and distinguished position in India wrote in these strong terms in a private letter a month ago:—"The deposition of the Guikwar has undone in a moment the work of the last fifteen years, and will engender in the minds of our Feudatories precisely the same suspicions which led to such results in 1857." A little earlier an excellent Missionary said, also in a private letter:—"I fear our Indian Government will lose in prestige, whatever may be its decision." I could quote a score of like opinions, not one of them intended for publicity; not one otherwise than loyal to England; not one, I am sure, from any individual, soldier or civilian, who would cast an unjust reflection on the Viceroy's rule. Indeed, Lord Northbrook's general course, his prompt repeal of the Income-tax—the worst tax ever known in India; his generous and benign policy when once he saw that a famine was impending in Bengal, and his calm courtesy and considerateness, would entitle him in the view of all who mean fairly in view of these questions, to have every act and aim fairly and generously construed.

To the native press the Viceroy has been markedly fair and just, not weighing rigorously every expression of men who, in addressing their rulers, are compelled to use a language foreign to India—a language in which the people do not think. I could point to numerous instances of language, or at least of intended meanings entirely misrepresented from this cause. One occurred not long ago. A Bengalee journalist was charged, on the evidence of his own acknowledged writing, which

seemed to admit of only one meaning, with asking what value Colonel Phayre's life had that it should be weighed against the fate of a prince. The passage went through the United Kingdom, and formed the subject of many leading articles. Yet I am as satisfied as that I am now writing that what the writer really intended to say was—"You make much ado about a political resident, a mean"—that is, obscure—"person"—I believe that was the certainly offensive phrase—"while you count nothing of the deposition of a prince." A bad sentiment in any case, and dreadfully ill-timed if the writer had hoped that it would be suffered to pass with impunity; but not by any means as bad as the English press generally assumed. Nothing could be more absurd, nothing more unjust, than the view that some Englishmen in India take of the native press and its duties. They would make it free as air to praise England and all Englishmen in office, but let it attack an officer and it is immediately charged with disloyalty; a cry is raised for its suppression. Before I left India on a former occasion I met, for a farewell shake of the hand, with the editor of a journal much condemned for plain speaking. I shall not readily forget the earnestness with which he laboured to show me that to differ from the views of an English magistrate, or to disapprove a magistrate's proceeding, did not involve disloyalty to the Queen, nor the almost fervid manner with which he said: "We are not disloyal, if England will treat us justly." The speaker of these words is a man usually fixed upon as an example when the native press is denounced. In dangerous times he would be in extreme peril; in a crisis his life would not, in certain eventualities, be worth an hour's purchase. Yet that he meant what he said I am satisfied. Any Viceroy who would drive such a man to print his paper in obscure places, and issue it in darkness, might earn the character of a high-handed ruler, but he would not (unless in extreme danger, when a Viceroy worthy of the name would stop

any paper, Native or English, that stood in his way) add anything to his own honour, or to the stability of British rule. In all his relations with Native journalism, and indeed with all Native interests, save in one instance of political error, to which it would be useless now to refer, but which history cannot lose, the Viceroy has been just and careful to an extent which does him high honour. Some say that he has been less generous to the English press, but of this the public in England have no means of judging correctly, at least not as far as I know of the facts alleged.

Of the popular view of the deposition it is difficult to speak. Little account has been made of the disturbances at Baroda; perhaps they did not deserve greater notice—I do not know. But I can say that in passing through Scindia's territory, before the trial or the mention of it, the popular disaffection seemed to me of that nature which may be felt in the air. One morning I drove to the great fort, in the early dawn, the people crowding to the fields; another day, at the same hour, I went to Scindia's new palace, now nearly completed, a few miles from the fort, and near to his old "city" of Luskhur. In neither case did I see anything of the native politeness of the East. The people stopped and stared haughtily. There was nothing like a "salaam," at that hour the virtual "good morning" of India. Perhaps others have seen more clearly below the surface, have seen, for instance, loyalty and good faith where I saw dislike, lowering brows, lips muttering what could hardly be blessings, much that betokened disaffection, little at all resembling cordiality of feeling. I simply give one impression, though not an impression resting on mere appearances, but tested by comparison with the views of many men in that part of India and elsewhere. In Mahratta and some other territory our treatment of the princes of India is perhaps the ground of deepest disaffection. Probably there are substantial reasons for retaining Scindia's fortress "in trust," but no one can deny that we do so in

the teeth of explicit treaty. The national word, at all events, has not been kept. Can we at all satisfy ourselves that we act wisely with respect to men like Scindia and Holkar? We watch with the utmost jealousy their camps of exercise, and properly so, but the same remark would not apply in some other respects. Many of our officers, for instance, rarely refer to Native chiefs without some such thoughtless or stupid remark as "they are a bad lot, and the sooner they are away the better." Why should we not make the chiefs feel that they are associated with the Viceroy in the government of India? "Why," I heard an officer one day say, "should we not borrow from Scindia a part of his men for duty on some frontier, and make him feel that he is trusted?" It might be dangerous and difficult, but it would neither be the one nor the other to the extent that our present policy is likely to prove so in the end. Again, why is it that men like Sir Dinkur Rao and Sir Madhava Rao (the latter of whom it is Lord Northbrook's honour to have sent to Baroda—an act almost enough to cancel the error of deposition) never are invited to England by the Court? France, in the same case, would have made such visits the means of binding to her the ablest and best of the chiefs, and of keeping a check, if not wholesome at least effectual, upon all. Russia has made of the same idea a gigantic policy. Englishmen depend entirely on the bureaucracy of the Civil Service, worked from the centre of Calcutta; and many of whose officers have no cure for misgovernment by chiefs but deposition. The ex-King of Oude does not lead one of the most decorous of all lives at Garden Reach, Calcutta. His large allowance is spent on wives and mistresses, a retinue, snakes, wild beasts, &c., in short, in self-gratification. His expenditure invariably exceeds his income. He refuses to visit the Viceroy; has, it is said, made Garden Reach undesirable as a place of European residence; spends his evenings and nights nobody knows how. "Withdraw the

allowance, or reduce it to a few hundreds a year," I have heard again and again. A writer in the *Times* shows that to be consistent in the case of the Guikwar we ought to depose the Rajah of Cashmere, whose "course throughout has been disgraceful." Another writer, who signs a well-known name in the *Spectator*, asks: "Did the Guikwar's subjects complain of him? What was the nature of the oppression proved against him?" These questions are not satisfactorily answered in the blue-books.

Some Anglo-Indians—I am writing now simply of what I know—advocate the annexation of Cashmere. Others would annex Afghanistan, others Burmah, others Nepaul. Yet, day after day, and week after week we send out eulogies on our rule. "Our police system is perfect"—a fact that India denies. "The people would rather have legal decisions from an English magistrate than from one of their own chiefs"—an assertion that India laughs to scorn. "Rather have justice" they say, "from a young Englishman fresh from college than from chiefs like Vizianagram or Jeypore!" They laugh, but the fallacy never dies. Having written this, I am bound, even at the risk of egotism (which I would fain avoid, for I am aware that if the facts are not weighty my mere opinion is worthless), to make it quite clear that I am not writing as an advocate for the rights of Indian princes. That many of those princes have rights never admitted, and wrongs against which there is no appeal, is certain, as it is also certain that if we intend to keep India we must do so with the sympathy and co-operation of the men to whom great masses of the people look for guidance, for leadership. There is no sound reason why Englishmen should not, if they please, take the side of native chiefs. I merely say that any such object is foreign to the purpose of this paper, or of any paper the writer ever either penned or intends to pen. The aim here is to say something for the millions of India; if the rights of Guikwars or Maharajahs only were concerned the entire subject would be left to

an advocacy which need never be sought for long nor in any distant regions. The poor people of India, however, have a claim, which can scarcely be over-estimated, upon all Englishmen who care little for the special rights of princes, and interest themselves little in sectarian conversions; who care merely that in this case Christianity in England may be made to signify mercy and charity to two hundred millions of people. Sixteen years ago the writer, then little acquainted with India, wrote the following words, which he would now deepen if he knew how, and not one of which he would in consequence of subsequent experience withdraw:—"We fancied that for us alone was this wonderful land—that its natives were born to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for the imperial Anglo-Saxon race; that we owed it no duty; that it owned no right. At last a thunderbolt burst upon us; the empire was in revolution. We stormed, doubted, disbelieved. But facts were irresistible; the hewers of wood and drawers of water had indeed asserted an old human right, and we were not slow to see what was necessary. Mr. Bright (on the authority of a missionary) has stated that we have put to death, by hanging alone, 10,000 human beings. If we are not sick of this slaughter we are unworthy to hold one rood of ground in India. If we be at once a Christian and a royal race the old idea of conquest will be abnegated, our victories will lead the way to royal clemency and a royal line of legislation. If these fail to secure empire, we shall at all events have proved ourselves worthy of it."

Turning to British territory purely, what can we say in reply to a native of India who taunts us with bad faith in the case of the Competitive Examinations? Does there seem any possible reply, but that events have proved to us that we cannot afford to keep our plighted word? Professor Francis Newman, writing ten years ago, said: "The boon which was solemnly guaranteed to India by Lord Grey's Ministry in Parliament, and by

the Parliamentary Charter of 1833, should be at once bestowed *bonâ fide*. It was promised that to every office, high or low, except that of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, native Indians should be admissible on equal terms with British-born subjects. For twenty years this solemn act was made a dead letter; then, under pretence of new liberality, the delusive system of Competitive Examinations was established, subjecting natives to unjust disadvantages, and forcing them to come to England to be examined." Of course a great part of the Civil Service and a part of the Army in India would say "No" to much of this. Mr. Bernard, an able and distinguished civil officer, the virtual and indefatigable arm of Sir George Campbell's famine plan, and subsequently of Sir Richard Temple's operations (work in Mr. Bernard's case never anything like fairly acknowledged) has indirectly said "No" to it in a recent letter to the *Times*. He has written: "Natives of India will hold a large number of offices now filled by Europeans; for they can perform executive and judicial work up to a certain point very well indeed, and much more cheaply than Europeans. But the higher and more lucrative offices must continue to be held by European civil servants." It was not, I know, within the scope of Mr. Bernard's object to refer to the promise of 1833, and the injustice to India of the Civil Service Examinations. He was claiming, as Mr. Lowe and our leading newspapers have claimed, justice for a portion of the civil officers of Bengal, but the inquiry might well and advantageously have been extended. Although one of the last batch of Haileybury men, Mr. Bernard defends the competition system against the one under which he was sent out, and asserts that under it the nation has secured more generally effective men; but this touches only a small question. Able civil officers assisted very materially to lose us America. Loyal to England, they forgot the colony, or subordinated all colonial interests to those of England.

If it is painful, as it is, to this day to read the representations which made an American of so little account in London when Franklin first knew it, what must such a discussion as the one we have had on the Indian Civil Service seem to Native India? The Civil Service in India deserves at least that every compact between it and the State should be kept. The civil officer in India has hard work and little relaxation; he is exposed to many dangers, is liable to reproof and vexatious interference from which there is no appeal, very frequently does work that deserves honour, yet that never receives even honourable mention, lives among a people whose sympathies he rarely secures, whose deeper feelings he never fathoms, whose language he only very partially understands. It is never pleasant; it is often hard and exacting; at times it effectually saps out the young life in a couple of years. Indian work, civil or military, deserves both fair pay and fair recognition. Look, however, at the fact, as it will be read in India. See what an array of power the Civil Service can produce in a just cause. See how the young men of India are treated in a cause at least equally just. This may endure for a time, but while it does so we have no right to expect native loyalty. If we rest on rights of conquest, we must face the penalties of conquest, which always proved too strong in the end for any conquerors. Mr. Bright once said, that he had always described the East India Company as "a piratical Company, beginning with Clive and ending, as he believed, with Dalhousie." It is noteworthy, however, that India now looks back with some regret to the Company's rule, affirming, rightly or wrongly, that the strong individual interest was a check upon general malgovernment. Men who went to India for a lifetime, and intended only to give way to their children, had, it is said, every reason to make the people contented, and there was the further advantage, that while a beneficent despot's rule depended on one life, John Kom-

pany never died. All this is error, doubtless; but it shows that the question is not, as Mr. Bright would have had it, of only one side.

I venture to think, too, that Professor Newman's view is, to some extent, an error, and that the claim of natives of India to equal pay with Europeans is altogether untenable, but that the difficulty could be met in the simplest way imaginable, if only we were prepared to face the consequences. If we intend to go on increasing the Civil Service at the present rate and with present prospects, we shall have to find means to give Native India a share of even the high posts. Do we intend this? If a young man is highly educated, and sent out from England to India, he must be highly paid. The service is an exceptional one, in cost, in privation, and perhaps in efficiency. Great power is directed to given ends, under conditions altogether unusual, if not unprecedented. To say that men who are educated and qualified for office at their own doors in India, in the climate to which they were born, should be paid as high a rate as the European officer or missionary were evidently absurd. What is needed is a reduction of the Civil Service as to numbers, and a gradual, but not laggard, introduction of Natives into State employment by means of the Uncovenanted Service, with decidedly less pay. Let this be done, firm'y and fairly; let the qualification for office be in India, and in the course of a few years we should have the State work done at a much cheaper rate, and on the whole quite as efficiently, without any just grounds of complaint. The fact is, India is not a rich but a poor country, and there will be a limit to her power to pay. But what English government, with so many influential men looking for "openings" for their sons, will dare to take this drastic wholesome step? The Duke of Argyll barely touched the question, and was met by a storm of disapproval. Yet it must be touched, whatever special interests stand in its way.

No assertion is commoner than that

England in India is not amenable to native opinion; that it is hers to do the people good, theirs to accept the good. It would be equally wise to say that England is not amenable to the laws of nature. Act as we may, legislate as we may, govern as well as we may, nothing will enable us to set at defiance the opinion, crude and unshapen though it may be, of two hundred millions of people. It is quite true that we are not bound to govern India on Eastern principles where those principles are bad. We are bound, however, even by the penalties which conquest entails, to respect all old traditions, all old faiths, and all habits not in themselves immoral, and we have no right to strain our notions of morality to press unduly on phases of life so different from our own. We may—for we have the vantage-ground—disregard native opinion to any extent, interfere with innocent customs, laugh at old faiths, but never shall we by that interference remove the customs, any more than we shall by any amount of mockery spirit away the faiths. When we can no longer rule with a high hand we shall cease to rule, but the high hand that will prevail and rule permanently is the hand of justice. The natives think that we perceive our lease of power to be drawing to an end. What wonder that they do so, when they can to this day scrape off the whitewash, our work nearly twenty years old, from the marble and gold fret-work in such palaces as those in the Fort at Agra? I saw this done; saw also rough old wooden rails, sun-dried and rain-washed, round the verandas where kings' wives and daughters once had gorgeous and elegant homes. All that can be said in defence of the whitewash is that we were compelled in the Mutiny to use palaces as barracks—people point to the marble floors where English children played with top and ball and skipping-ropes while the King of Delhi was proclaimed in the very front of the fort amid a sea of human life in mutiny. There was little time or disposition then to think of palaces, every reason to think of health.

But that beautiful and perfect works of art should remain covered with whitewash is to the astute Oriental mind proof positive that we do not apply the same rule to Agra and Delhi that we do to London; that, in fact, we are looking to the Hoogly and the Arabian Sea for the historical return home. It is notorious that our Public Works, too, bear all the marks of being built on leasehold, not freehold land. In going over the great Fort at Morar I asked the Commandant, who kindly accompanied me, what a certain domed building was. "Oh, that," he said, "is the only rain-proof place I have for the Queen's stores, though it has stood 2,000 years; these grand new barracks and storehouses that you see are the production of our own Public Works Department, and they leak beautifully!" "Sahib is lord of all he surveys. He whitewashes and makes soldiers' quarters of unmatched royal palaces; decrees that the monument over the tomb of Shah Jehan shall be a sanatorium. Sahib will go home after a while, and build himself a palace, perfectly rain-tight and guiltless of whitewash, on the banks of the Thames." This is sharp irony. Again, it must be said that the impression is incorrect; the genius and the men are far in the future who are destined to turn us out of India. None the less, however, may the common belief prove a real misfortune and the cause of great loss of life.

Under all circumstances, however, the foremost object of uneasiness, as to the future of England in India, must be the army; and of late, not merely have opinions with respect to it been ominous in themselves, but they have been put forward by men of experience and ability—by trained and tried soldiers. Mr. Grant-Duff pushes the entire question aside in the easiest and most pleasant way imaginable. He has run through India, has talked with men foremost in position knowledge and ability, with the result of perfect satisfaction to his mind on nearly all points. We never

were so great, so strong, so secure in the attachment of the people. The commander-in-chief, neither an alarmist nor an optimist, but a real soldier, is satisfied. Many people, especially in India, will think that Mr. Grant-Duff's statements on this point need qualification, and that such views hardly admit of being rendered in a few terse sentences. Certainly Lord Napier of Magdala said something not so very long ago to the effect that he would not, to meet the views of economists, be answerable for any further reduction of the European force in India. Granted that we have, as we have, a splendid European army in the East—an army equal to the best in the world; granted that the officers are in the main, as they are, equal to any emergency; granted, as every one who has at all studied the subject will cheerfully grant, that the inducements to engage, when off duty, in artistic work, in reading, drawing, gardening, and much besides, have been multiplied till activity and industry have taken the place of inactivity and sloth, and given to the intelligent soldier even a larger fund of recreation, even more extensive and available means of acquiring correct information than the workman can find at home; granted that the *morale*—thanks to men like an excellent Baptist missionary, Mr. Gregg, stationed at Agra—has assumed a heretofore undreamt of aspect by the steady and almost marvellous advance of teetotalism in the army; that our arms are of the best, our discipline perfect, our entire military deportment that of men in an enemy's country; that our stores are watched as misers watch their gold, systematically inspected, guarded with rigorous military care; what then? Why, our perfect force, our matchless regiments, with their flags covered with glory which long centuries will not dim, number only 45,000 men, and let me add that, after all our boasting, we have, or had only the other day, no fewer than eleven batteries of artillery in Bengal alone, armed with the old field-gun, while we have re-

duced our actual infantry force in Bengal (proper) to less than two-thirds of its number at the time of the Mutiny. Then, is not the native army becoming efficient? Are we not arming the infantry with breech-loaders? Are not the men, in many cases, of the fiercest, even if the most loyal of eastern races? Lastly, are we earning their loyalty? The Sikhs have been known before to-day to rise on an impulse, even against their "salt;" an astute minister, whose course is not always clear, but whose avowed loyalty we have good reason to believe real, could probably, unknown to any English officer, find means to allure every Goorkah in our service to the Terai of Nepaul. Observe how we are binding these brave races to our flag. Nothing need be said of our debt to the Punjabees; their regiments went home again after the Mutiny in some cases almost decimated. Yet what did we do? They could hardly be blamed if they expected the Queen's special thanks, with such distinction that every man could return to his village, as Napoleon encouraged his men to believe they would return from Egypt, with honour which would endure beyond death. The truth is the Queen never was advised to do one such act of grace as to mark her own royal sense of the glory with which the Sikhs had covered their flags. No Sikh soldier holds a Queen's commission. Hosts of Sikhs and others who helped us to storm Delhi are at this very time in actual destitution in their native villages and towns, without a badge of honour to distinguish them as the men who did so much to win India back to the Queen. I saw in Durbunga a fine soldierly man, who had been foremost in one of the most desperate scenes of the Mutiny, yet who was without decoration of any kind, on the miserable plea that when he did the great deed, the men with whom he acted had not been regularly enrolled with our army. His commanding officer would have decided very differently in the day of rewards, but then officers are powerless in such cases; their right is

simply to lead their men into danger, and win, or die. Several of these facts were well brought out some time ago by Major Osborn, of the Bengal Staff Corps, in a telling pamphlet on the "Reconstruction of the Native Army." It were idle, in view of facts like these, to say that the outcry which during the last few months has been heard in England, and which represents the rooted faith of many brave men in India, is groundless. Military men are not satisfied with the prospect before them. To say that they dreaded it would be an absurd assertion with respect to such men; but when an officer looks on those who make his bungalow bright and cheerful—English—in that Eastern land, he becomes oftentimes very serious, and perhaps feels that the faith and anchor of the Lawrence who tried to do his duty, and of Havelock, were not and are not altogether meaningless to an English soldier in India. The most courageous officer is the most likely to feel that he is at a post where a plaintive "song of David" is sometimes in close unison and harmony with surrounding objects, and where the passages from Holy Writ which some bright intellect selected for the beautiful monument over the Well at Cawnpore have a significance which such passages only at rare intervals have had before in human history.

The murmurs of the army would be things of the past the moment an alarm was sounded from the north-west. Every man would be at his post. Indian service would no longer be tabooed in Pall Mall. Organizing talent like that of Jacobs; heroism like Pottinger's and Connolly's; grim retribution like Havelock's and Nicholson's, would be afoot for "a peerage or Westminster Abbey." Not the highest impulse, it is true—Xavier's was higher—but the impulse that, when all else was useless, would preserve for the Queen her Empire in the East. Just because we have no intention of leaving India; just because no power or combination of powers would cause us to decline the battle or "fear our fate" in the day when daring

and resolution became, as they do become, the first of virtues, ought we to look cautiously upon the first premonitory signs of coming storm. Do not let us flatter ourselves that because we secure by our rule in India the commerce therewith of the world, because that under our rule the French and German and American flags fly as peacefully on the Hoogly as they do in the Bay of Gibraltar, or that we attract wild men from the Persian Gulf by the fame of our wealth and security, that all is healthy within, or that India likes our rule. That she might go farther and fare worse all intelligent men admit. But that she would bubble and boil again to-morrow, as she ferments to-day, in aimless but dangerous excitement, is as certain as any law of human affairs. No European rule ever would be liked in the East, and the conviction that we are performing a great work of civilization is of little value when once again civilization is thrown back for its defence upon the first rude appeal of barbarism—the gage of battle. We stand "on guard," soldier and civilian alike, in every part of India; and though the world knows with what "a strength and majesty the British soldier fights," it is incontrovertible that he stands now, and must fight at any time, on volcanic ground, while he continues to rule India. If we did not know that, man to man, or even against great odds, we are the match of any people, it might be merely to invite insult to say that with Russia pressing on from the north-west, every year absorbing and leading onward new populations, and with certain and deep-seated disaffection in India itself, resting upon a love of change amounting almost to disease, our army will have plenty of work before many years have passed away. Englishmen believe, however, that they are not a people prone to sentimentalism in danger, but rather that they have a tendency to admit danger to defy it, and to believe that when the danger thickens England is most herself. India, when disposed to deny us all other virtues, says freely enough: "Yes, you

can fight." What, however, does this involve? What with our women and little children even standing "on guard?" It may be true that England "is always best when the night is darkest; that she appears most to advantage at the end of a well-fought field." But there are issues which the bravest men on earth may wish to avert, as men, courageous enough, in the North-west Provinces and Oude avoid the very mention of the Massacre of Cawnpore.

The question is not one of retaining or losing India, but of preventing by a wise and prudent policy, the loss of valuable lives. Before England was driven out of India, she would put forth revolutionary energy, pent up now, but not by any means far to seek. But meanwhile many an innocent head would be laid low. The Prince of Wales in his progress through India should have every means of noting facts, of discerning facts where fallacies are numerous—of seeing beneath the surface of affairs—of a teeming human life—of learning from, while not entirely depending upon the representations of official men. He will find a people in the main loyal to the very core of their nature, willing to be pleased with the simplicity of childhood, ready indeed to give up property, or if need were more than property, where their affections are enlisted. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, the Prince of Wales ought not to go empty-handed.

The Heir to the Throne cannot travel as a private gentleman, and the point of how he shall travel is not by any means unimportant. But far before this is the question of whether the future King of England, the future Emperor of India, shall perceive correctly facts upon which the happiness or misery of so many millions of human beings depend. Really this is before all pageantry. Why should not some leading statesmen, selected without reference to party—men whose names would carry weight in any land, whose motives would be above question, whose clearness of sight no glitter of courts would dim—accompany the Prince, and assist him, not with dilettante views, but with the matured wisdom of age and of the great experience of English political life? The monarchs most esteemed and longest remembered in the East are not, as some think, the men who succeeded most in pageants, but those who administered justice fearlessly, cared unaffectedly for the poor, fostered trade and learning, and cut down corruption with an unsparing hand. Other reputations endured for a lifetime. These alone stand the test of centuries. The Prince of Wales cannot reach—no constitutional prince could reach—so far. But he nevertheless might reach far, and might render the proposed visit really historical, and worthy of the genial good feeling which the Prince himself will undoubtedly carry over the Arabian Sea.

JAMES ROUTLEDGE.

A CHAPTER OF UNIVERSITY HISTORY.

PART I.

If truth is stranger than fiction, fiction has its revenge in being truer than fact. It is the privilege of the novelist, as of the artist, to place before us that truth which is in things, but which is concealed by the facts.

The attempt has often been made, by artists of every calibre, from Thackeray to Cuthbert Bede, to draw university life. The celebrity of some of the authors has diffused some of these sketches widely. Every one who has read anything has probably read the adventures of Arthur Pendennis at St. Boniface's.

Nor is Thackeray the only great writer who has sought to place the life of Oxford or Cambridge on his canvas. Father Newman in "Loss and Gain," Charles Kingsley in "Alton Locke," have been attracted by some features of the universities which seemed to them to afford a groundwork for their ideal creations. Mr. Farrar's "Julian Home," Mr. Hughes's "Tom Brown at Oxford," "Verdant Green," and "Peter Priggins," are other attempts at various levels to bring university manners before us.

All these I have named are of our day, and may still be found in our circulating libraries. Such sketches soon fade, and are replaced by newer portraits painted in the costume of to-day. Many have preceded these and passed away. Perhaps some of my present audience never heard of "Reginald Dalton," though it is a novel written by no less a person than Lockhart, son-in-law and biographer of Scott, and editor of the *Quarterly* for many years. As Charles Kingsley's vigorous boat race lives in the memory of the readers of "Alton Locke," so Lockhart has transmitted in "Reginald Dalton" a vivid picture of a town and gown row. He has also pre-

served the tradition, at least I know not where else it is to be found, of the window in Hertford College out of which Charles J. Fox leapt in order to join in one. Still less known—rather, totally unknown is the spirited sketch of Mr. Dickinson, called "Vincent Eden," which has never emerged from the pages of the magazine in which it first appeared.

If "Reginald Dalton," which is only fifty years old, has sunk below the horizon, I may assume that Tom Warton's slight sketch of the day of a fellow of a college is as unknown to the modern world as if it were a classic. Tom Warton, as he was familiarly called by his brother academicians, who were proud of his learning and fond of his sociable qualities, was himself a Fellow of Trinity, Oxford, he therefore discreetly places *his* Fellow of a college at Cambridge. I will read a few sentences of it:—"9. Turned off my bedmaker for waking me at eight. Consulted my weather-glass. No hopes of a ride before dinner. 10. After breakfast transcribed half a sermon from Dr. Hickman. N. B. never to transcribe any more from Calamy. Mrs. Pilcocks, at my curacy, has one volume of Calamy lying in her parlour-window. 11. Into the cellar. Mem. My mountain will be fit to drink in a month's time. To remove the five year old port into the new bin. 12. Shaved. Barber's hand shakes. 1. Dined alone in my room on a sole. Shrimp sauce not so good as Mr. H. of Peterhouse and I used to eat at the Mitre in Fleet Street. Sate down to a pint of Madeira. Mr. H. surprised me over it. We finished two bottles of port together, and were very cheerful. To dine with Mr. H. at Peterhouse on Wednesday. One of the dishes, a leg of pork and pease by my desire. 6. Newspaper in the common room. 7. Returned to my room.

Made a tiff of warm punch, and to bed before nine. Did not fall asleep till ten, a young fellow-commoner being very noisy over head," &c., &c.

This is not painting from the life, but mere caricature. I have quoted these few sentences not for their wit, but because they indicate that whereas the tide of public opinion *now* sets against the non-resident fellow—a century ago it was the *resident* fellow for whose energies college life furnished no proper outlet.

Of all these draughtsmen the one who has approached nature most nearly is, as it seems to me, the author of "Pendennis." There is a sad reality about Arthur's career—high hopes at the outset quenched in the petty miseries of debt—brilliant talents wasted not in debauchery, but in achieving social distinction—social distinction which was confined to the undergraduate world—"the freshmen did not know which was greatest, Pendennis of St. Boniface or the Proctor."

There have been many parodies of prize poems—but was ever prize poem imitated so happily as by Thackeray,?—"A. P.'s poem did not get the prize, but all the men of St. Boniface's knew that it ought to have got it, when the author presented them with copies splendidly bound in morocco with gilt edges. Subject, 'The Crusades':—

"On to the breach, ye soldiers of the Cross,
Scale the red wall and swim the choking
foss ;

Ye dauntless archers twang your crossbows
well,

On, bill and battleaxe and mangonel ;
Ply battering-ram and hurtling catapult,
Jerusalem is ours ! id Deus vult !"

To such fictitious representations as I have named above, various as they are in power of drawing and vividness of colour, one observation is generally applicable. They present us only with one aspect of university life, and that its most superficial aspect. It is what I may call the *street view* of life. The novelist sets up his *camera lucida* in the middle of the High street and lets the passing figures mirror themselves as they flit to and fro. He gives us what

he sees. And he sees all from the student's side. And as the worst regulated student's life affords the most telling materials for fiction, it is the life of the idle and disorderly which is usually presented for our edification by the novelist. In all these drawings there is a level uniformity such as pervaded the new comedy at Athens. In that stage of dramatic development, the repertory of character was limited to the young scapegrace in the capital, and his severe governor from the country, the designing hetaera, and the saucy slave who abetted his young master's dissipations ; and on this slender cast of parts the changes were rung to infinite variety without novelty. So in the university novel we have the stereotyped parts of the fast undergraduate, beset by duns, contrasted with the slow reading man in woollen socks and spectacles, who is his foil and his butt—the deluded father, the inefficient proctor, a pompous and incapable tutor, a gyp thievish and patronising, the breakfast and the wine-party, the ruffian of the playground, who is the admired hero of the bevy of charming girls who come up to Commemoration in pink ribands. The fast young man is the first part, the reading student is only brought on the scene to be quizzed, and the senior part of the university become stage dons, who are only there to provoke our derision by various forms of the witty definition of "donnism," "a mysterious carriage of the body intended to conceal the defects of the mind." If some of our fictionists have left this traditional groove, as *e.g.*, Mr. Farrar in "Julian Home," it has been by sacrificing altogether the local colouring. "Loss and Gain" has some characteristic scenes—a tutor's breakfast is, or was, a peculiar institution of the place—*was*, I say, for we are too busy for breakfast now ; and Dr. Newman has happily rendered it. But, on the whole, in "Loss and Gain," only one transient phase of Oxford life was depicted—that, viz., which really passed over us in my own recollection, when our promising young men spent the

time which ought to have been devoted to study in endeavouring to find the true Church.

If we want to know what Cambridge and Oxford are, we can derive a little, and but very little, help from the pictures which the novelist has drawn for us. We must pass from fiction to fact, and ask, What writers of memoirs, of autobiography, of reminiscences, have given us any authentic pictures of academic life?

The first remark we shall have to make upon this survey of our materials is, that such memorials as we are in search of are almost wholly wanting. It is true that there have been from time to time, both in Oxford and Cambridge, men who have kept diaries, or committed to paper their personal recollections. Some of these books have preserved the memory of curious particulars, and we are thankful to their authors for the pains they have taken to hand them down to us. Hearne's "Diary for Oxford," at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and Gunning's "Reminiscences for Cambridge," at the beginning of the nineteenth century, have thus conveyed to us authentic facts and circumstances which would have been otherwise lost. But there is no diarist who has been a sufficiently painstaking observer to give us what we want—a picture of university life in his day. The annals of Oxford extend now over the long period of seven hundred years. For more than half of that period the art of printing has been practised in England. The society has been a learned and literary association, and the men who have composed it have been always clerks, with every appliance for writing. They have had among them abundance of leisure. Yet the whole of this long period has not produced a single memoir writer to whom it has occurred as an investment of his mental activity to leave to posterity a faithful account of university life, studies, teaching, as he knew and saw them.

The writer to whom Oxford history owes most, I might say owes every-

thing, is Anthony Wood, or à Wood, as it was his fancy to sign himself.

The archaeologist has often been—certainly not by any necessary effect of his studies, but he has often been—a man of confined vision. Anthony Wood's horizon of ideas was as narrow as could consist with *any* education. He had passed through the usual Oxford curriculum of his day; he was postmaster at Merton, and M.A. of the University. But in the seventeenth century it was possible to have received this, the highest education which the country could give, without having had the intelligence opened at all. Wood was in this respect neither better nor worse than the average M.A. of the time of Charles II. Yet, even while I am confessing this much, I fear that I am being ungrateful to one to whom we owe so much—that it may be truly said that without Wood a history of Oxford would now be impossible. It was not his fault that he lived at a time when the narrow interests of ephemeral party supplied the place of ideas. The best education which the university could give at that date did not go beyond that which is now supplied to the passmen. It did not go beyond the languages,—or rather the Latin language, for Greek was rare, and the amount of it slight,—the technical part of logic, the rudiments of geometry. Of Wood we may say that he could read Latin with ease, and that he was a considerable proficient in music. His instrument, I may mention, was the violin, which was brought into fashion by Charles II. at the Restoration, at which time it superseded the bass-viol and the theorbo.

Within this circumscribed sphere Wood had a pursuit which raised in him an enthusiasm which would have been impossible with a wider education and more varied interests. The object of the pursuit was local antiquities, especially those of his university and native city. Here he gained in intension what his training had forfeited in extension. It is perhaps impossible in an epoch like the present, and a country like

Britain, when a multiplicity of interests force themselves upon the notice of every citizen, that a passion for antiquarian research such as urged Wood should ever be generated in us modern Englishmen. He began at the age of seventeen transcribing inscriptions and monuments. As soon as he became his own master, upon taking his B.A. degree, at twenty-one, he "entered into the public library, which he took to be the happiness of his life, and into which he never went without great veneration," and began to read the books on antiquities and heraldry. Burton's "*Leicestershire*" was the first book which he analysed. Guillim's "*Heraldry*" "gave him great delight." When Dugdale's "*Antiquities of Warwickshire*" came to Oxon, being accounted the best book of its kind that hitherto was made extant, my pen cannot enough describe how Wood's tender affections and insatiable desire of knowledge were ravished and melted down by the reading of that book. What with music and rare books that he found in the public library, his life at this time was a perfect Elysium—(p. 68.) Nor did he merely play with his subject as a dilettante, but worked at it long workman's hours. When we hear that he was seven or nine hours a day for months together perusing charters, evidences, and rent-rolls, in any college muniment-room to which he could get admittance, we shall not wonder that his eyes suffered, and that it was a great relief to him when Dr. Barlow, Provost of Queen's, gave him "a large magnifying-glass, which cost 40s." His earnestness, Dr. Rawlinson records, "was such that he would burst out bleeding suddenly, insomuch that he had a basin frequently held under him, that he might not spoil his papers." This is something more than antiquarian taste,—this is a passion out of which must needs spring something great and memorable. And his great work on the history of Oxford—I say work, for the "*History and Antiquities*" and the "*Athenæ Oxonienses*," though two books, are part of one work—Wood's

great work is monumental, having regard to the enormous number of particular facts collected and arranged—the work of ten years' unceasing labour.

Besides compiling this great historical work, Wood has served us in another capacity. I have spoken of the dearth of academics who have been writers of memoirs of their own times. Of the few that we have Wood is the principal. While he was labouring in his vocation of collecting the antiquities of the university, and writing its history, he was keeping a diary. It is not by any means a regularly-kept diary; it is fitful in its entries, and the events it notices are personal. But what an opportunity for a chronicler or memoir-writer! The half century from the Chancellorship of Laud in 1630 to the attempt of James II. on Magdalen College in 1687, was filled with stirring and critical events which place it in strong contrast to the unattractive repose of the two centuries which have elapsed since. The year of Wood's birth was 1632; that of his death 1695. His life, therefore, exactly coincided with this period of crisis and alarm, in which the university played a part and attracted an attention which it has never done since.

Born a citizen of Oxford in "the ancient stone-house opposite the fore-front of Merton College, commonly called Postmaster's Hall," he passed all his life within the walls of the city. Though as a boy he was sent out to school, it was only to Thame, within an easy distance. The new code, or Caroline statutes, and the charter obtained by Laud, were occurrences of his childhood, but he must have known those who knew the history of these important constitutional measures. But constitutional reforms, however important in themselves, retire into the shade before the clash of arms. In 1642 came the battle of Edgehill, and three days later the royal army entered Oxford, which from that day forward became the royalist capital, and the residence of the court. As a boy Wood saw the wonderful lines of defence

drawn round Oxford, almost the only skilled operation of the whole civil war. This fortification, carried out according to the rules of art, stands in curious contrast to the primitive ingenuity of other of the defensive measures; as we read that, on September 2, "barbed arrows were provided for 100 scholars to shoot against such soldiers as should come against them." Of Bechmann, the engineer who devised these lines, nothing is certainly known beyond his name. Is it possible that he was the "Beckman" who was afterwards employed by the Government of Charles II. to fortify Sheerness and Tilbury?

Be that as it may, by Bechmann's science, and by the expenditure of the whole of the available resources of the university, Oxford was converted into the strongest fortress in the kingdom. The first hasty fortifications which had been thrown up in 1643, under the superintendence of Richard Rallingson, a B.A. of Queen's College, had been made so available by 1646, that Fairfax at once recognised that the place was impregnable, and could only be reduced by famine. But all these operations were at a severe cost to the university. Not only was all college plate surrendered to the mint, their ready money given to pay the troops, the lead torn from the roofs to make bullets, the timber in the outskirts cut down—*e.g.*, the grove of the hospital of St. Bartholomew, which belonged to Oriel—these material depredations were not all. Discipline, nay, study, were at an end. The scholars were enrolled in battalions to man the lines, the college servants worked in the trenches, the schools were employed as granaries. What must have been the effect upon the students of keeping guard and drinking with Prince Rupert's troopers may easily be imagined. Some of the colleges, those which had the better rooms, were taken possession of by the court—Henrietta Maria, *e.g.*, lived in Merton—others served as quarters for the officers and soldiers. What strikes us most is the helplessness of the besiegers. The art of defence had outstripped that of attack. In the first

siege, 1645, the Parliamentaries were quiet besiegers, and "fought only with their perspective glasses," says Wood. In the second siege, 1646, we see from the number of letters which we still have, that to pass the parliamentary lines was a matter of every-day occurrence. Nor was anything to be hoped from treachery. The citizens indeed were for the parliament; and this, not only because the university was for the king, but naturally enough when they remembered how Birmingham and Bristol had been treated by Prince Rupert, whose notions of living on plunder had been formed in Germany. But the citizens were overawed by a garrison of 5,000 men, and by the royalist zeal of the university, and the numerous *clientele* of the colleges. They could only show their inclinations by their lukewarmness in working at the trenches. Where they should have sent a contingent of 120 workmen they sent but twelve; they dared not refuse altogether. With a garrison strong in numbers, and confident in its military powers, thirty-eight pieces of ordnance, abundant supplies of corn, and two powder mills at Osney, there seemed little hope of Oxford being soon reduced.

But one fortress cannot stem the tide of war, and that was now running everywhere against the king. In April the Governor of Woodstock sent word that he could hold out no longer. On April 26, at midnight, in the disguise of Ashburnham's servant, Charles left Oxford, and passed the lines, it should seem, without difficulty. He told his Privy Council that he was going to London to put himself into the hands of the Parliament, and he accordingly followed the Henley road as far as Harrow. But his own secret and fatal resolution had been formed to take refuge with the Scottish army. Abandoned by the king, the surrender of Oxford was a matter of course. The indignation of the military ran high at finding that the place was to be given up, provisioned as it was not only with corn, but with butchers' meat and all the luxuries of a well-supplied market for

six months. The soldiers said it was surrendered because the ladies could not have fresh butter every morning to breakfast. Yet the *pourparlers* for the conditions occupied two months, and it was not till Midsummer Day, June 24, that the Royalist garrison marched out. Highly to the credit of the Round-head army, no excesses or plunder were permitted—no reprisals for the savage license which Prince Rupert had indulged his troopers in. But the condition of the university was disastrous. There were no rents to be had from the farmers, there were no scholars to let the college rooms to. The halls, which were still numerous, were ruined except Magdalen Hall and New Inn Hall, which were selected as nurseries for scholars of the Presbyterian faction. In the colleges were scarce any inhabitants but the principals and their families. "There was scarce," says an eye-witness, "the face of a university left."

These were the stirring incidents among which Wood's boyhood fell. In the year after the surrender, 1647, he was entered at Merton College. The internal revolutions of the next fifteen years, if less imposing, had a constitutional importance greater than that of battle and siege. I run hastily over them. For a whole year after the surrender, the university, prostrate and all but deserted, was left to itself. During the interval it began slowly to re-people itself. But besides the Royalist and Episcopalian members of the old stamp, there began to show themselves within the university precincts a new population. There were some of them declared roundheads, or independents, but some of them also members of the Anglican Church, who had been kept under, or kept out by the cavalier majority and the test oaths. To this ominous brood the gowmsmen gave the nick-name of "secters," which carried a double reference to their own cant expression of seeking the Lord in prayer, and their desire of succeeding to the places from which the malignants were now to be expelled. At last, in June, 1647, appeared the visitors appointed under an

Act of Parliament. Their first step was to cite the doctors and masters to appear in the convocation house on June 4, between the hours of nine and eleven. At nine punctually the vice-chancellor appeared, and sat there two hours with exemplary patience. At the last stroke of eleven, having first ascertained that the clock was not in advance of the dial, he moved out of the convocation house. As he passed through the court of the schools he met the presbyterian ministers in solemn march towards the appointed meeting. They had been detained in church by a preposterously long exhortation from one of their ministers. Raising his cap the vice-chancellor said, "Good morning, gentlemen; it is now some minutes past eleven." With these words he passed on home towards Christ Church. The visitors entered the empty hall of convocation. They were done—the legal hour for which the citation had been served was passed; there was no help for it. This ingenious *ruse* could but respite, it could not divert the blow. The defect of form was soon remedied, and enlarged powers were given to the visitors. They were now empowered to exact a subscription or oath to the covenant, and to remove any person who had either borne arms against the parliament, or contributed money to its enemies. This placed the whole university at their mercy. An elaborate protest was drawn up, and passed in full convocation, with one dissentient voice, setting forth the various reasons why they could not, as matter of conscience, give their signature as required. They also protested against the authority under which the visitors acted. For though the Act of Parliament still ran in the name of Charles Rex, they were not satisfied, they said, that it really had the assent of the crown, as of course it had not.

It was now evident that it was not an affair of political principle, but of corporate spirit. The issue was, that after giving sufficient time, and exhausting every expedient of accommodation, all those who refused the subscription

were deprived of their places, and others who were well disposed to the Parliament were put in their room. When we call to mind that for the greater part of the men thus expelled, deprivation meant destitution, as no man possessed of any private means could be fellow of a college, we must admire the heroism with which they took the penalty of defeat. On the other hand, we must accord our highest praise to the moderation of the victorious party. Instead of using their omnipotence to deprive as many as they could, they endeavoured to induce all they could persuade to stay and submit, and this, though of all malignants the Oxford malignants had been the most inveterate, and indeed had been the mainstay of the royalist cause. Indeed, from the forward part which Oxford had played in the war it might justly have been feared that the Parliament on its victory would have proceeded, not only to personal vengeance, but to organic change. Nay, such was the ferment in the minds of the nation, that not merely revolution, but even total abolition were among the possible results of the crisis. For it was not only individuals, but the university as a corporate body had engaged itself in the interest of Church and King, and of all that was now regarded with the greatest abhorrence. It must be regarded as in the highest degree creditable to the statesmanlike views of the leaders of the party, that they were content with a change in the *personnel*, and of substituting their adherents for their enemies, when it would have been so easy and obvious to have proceeded to confiscation. That such extreme measures were talked of is certain. But among the parliamentary leaders of the moment were men enlightened enough to recognise the claims of learning, and the national value of learned institutions. Much, no doubt, was due to the personal weight of Selden and Prynne, and the reform for the moment went no further than turning the puritan minority, which had all along existed, into a majority. It was a fortunate step on the part of these

new academics, when they tendered the chancellorship in 1650 to Oliver Cromwell. As republican and levelling principles got the upper hand, and a more fanatical and narrow-minded set of men were coming into power, universities were likely to have been voted a superfluity. To the roundheads the institutions had been obnoxious as royalist, to the independents they were obnoxious as learning. The superior intelligence and vigorous hand of the Lord Protector it was which now raised the seats of learning from the destruction to which the ignorant fanaticism of the republicans and levellers inevitably doomed them. The moment the universities recognized Cromwell's authority he gave them his protection and enlightened patronage.

This was in 1650. Oxford had now a ten years' repose, during which, though godliness and discipline were the primary care of the authorities, encouragement to study was not wanting. Then came the Restoration and the reaction. The new men were ejected; the old men, but not the old ways, came back. Wood, who in 1650 had heard the convocation house resound with the cheerful acclamations of the M.A.'s, when Oliver's letter, dated Edinburgh, was read, in which he accepted the chancellorship, now in 1661 heard the same plaudits attending the nomination of Hyde, Lord Clarendon, to the same office. In the same convocation house in which the parliamentary visitors had held their visitation, Charles II. held a parliament. To Oxford he brought his gay and brilliant court, not for a visit, but for a long residence; here Lady Castlemaine, in one of the fellows' rooms at Merton, gave birth to a Fitzroy, and would walk in Trinity Lime-walk — Christchurch Broad-walk was not yet — with a lute playing before her, or attend the college chapel "like an angel, but half-dressed," thought the demure dons, who had never seen French fashions. Wood, who had seen the Book of Common Prayer banished from the college chapels for thirteen years, from '47 to '60,

lived to see in 1686 mass celebrated in University College and Christchurch, presided over by a roman catholic Dean. The closing scene of these political oscillations arrived in 1687. In that year the history of the university is again, for a moment, the history of England; for in that year James II., in imitation of Louis XIV., made his memorable attempt to force his own religion upon the university.

This story has been often told—told, indeed, by each historian of England in his turn. Mackintosh had told it with a fullness of detail which seemed to preclude all attempt to re-write it after him. Yet Macaulay did re-write it, and his elaborate narrative hides from view an amount of solid research which is generally thought to be incompatible with style. It would be, indeed, presumptuous to re-write the story after Macaulay. In resuming, in a few sentences, the chief features of the situation, it is intended only to direct attention to the attitude of the university towards the government.

In March, 1687, the presidentship of Magdalen College became vacant by death. The election of president is vested by statute in the fellows. But it was not without precedent that the Crown should recommend a candidate to the choice of the electors, and on such occasions it had been the practice for the electors to show respect to the letters of the Sovereign. In such recommendations the Crown had never attempted to put forward any candidate who did not possess the statutable qualifications. The statutes of Magdalen required the president should be chosen out of those who were, or had been fellows of Magdalen or of New Colleges. On this occasion James II. recommended to the electors one Antony Farmer, a junior M.A. of Magdalen, but not a fellow; he was therefore not statutably eligible. He was further disqualified by act of parliament, being a roman catholic convert. But the king's letters mandatory contained what were called dispensing clauses,—
"Any statute, custom, or constitution

to the contrary notwithstanding, where-with we are graciously pleased to dispense in his behalf."

It does not appear that the fellows, however they might feel aggrieved by it, questioned the royal prerogative which interfered with their freedom of choice. It does not even appear that they questioned at first the dispensing power. But the *person* recommended to them was intolerable. In the then irritated state of feeling it was monstrous to think of putting a roman catholic at the head of a body of protestant fellows; and the personal character of Farmer was such as was calculated to degrade the college in public estimation. As it would have been highly indiscreet to have urged against Farmer that he was of the king's religion, the fellows rest their petition of remonstrance on his moral character. We cannot, therefore, lay much stress upon the allegations of this kind which the fellows bring against Farmer, as they must be regarded as intended to mask the objection they felt, but dared not make, to his religion. Though the odious picture which Macaulay has drawn of Farmer is exaggerated, it is confessed on all hands that his youth, levity, presumption, and want of general conduct, made him an unfit person to be sent to preside over a society of grave and virtuous divines. The court was sensible of their error; they dropt Farmer, and a new mandate was sent down. But before this mandate arrived the fellows had elected John Hough, who had the statutable qualifications, and he had been admitted by the visitor. The fellows stood by the man of their choice. The Crown was equally obstinate in maintaining its new nominee, Samuel Parker, Bishop of Oxford. The King had formidable engines at his disposal; first, the Court of High Commission, presided over by the Lord Chancellor, and that Lord Chancellor Jefferies; secondly, a visitation of the college. Both these instruments of coercion were brought to bear. The fellows appeared before the Court of High Commission,

sitting in London, when Hough's election was pronounced void. And a subaltern commission was sent down to Oxford to admit Parker, if necessary by force, and generally to visit the college. Parker was admitted, Hough withdrew of his own accord.

If it were ever admissible to speak of what might have been, instead of what *was*, we should be tempted to do so at this point, and to say that if James had stopped here, the university and the college would have acquiesced in what had been done, and nothing further would have been heard of the Magdalen College case. But James, or the catholic junta which directed the government, elated with success, ventured on a further aggression. The material victory gained was not enough; there must be a moral triumph. They now required the fellows of Magdalen to make a submission in writing, to sign a humble apology for their conduct, and an acknowledgment of the legality of the commission, as well as of what had been done under it. This overweening demand plainly betrays its origin. It issues not from the policy of the statesman who respects the subjects whom he governs, but the despotism of the society of Jesus, which is not content with obedience in fact, but aspires to crush and break the wills of its disciples. To the demand now made the fellows of Magdalen returned a refusal. The High Commission was set in action once more. The fellows and demies were ejected, and their places filled with roman catholics nominated by the Crown. The Bishop of Oxford, who had been some time in declining health, died, and Bonaventure Gifford, a roman catholic bishop, was nominated president. Magdalen was become a catholic college.

Such is a brief outline of the last occasion on which Oxford has appeared on the stage of national history. Two hundred years have nearly elapsed since, during which our annals offer no events but those which belong to the peaceful pursuits of letters, or the humble duties of education.

One remark is called for by the Magdalen College case. It is, I believe, popularly thought that the issue tried in this case was either that of the dispensing power, or that of the legality of the High Commission. But it was not so. There were indeed in this case, on the part of the king, many exertions of power either directly illegal or of doubtful legality. He had superseded the free choice of the electors by a mandate designating a particular person. He had exercised the dispensing power twice for persons who were not fellows of Magdalen, or of New; twice for roman catholics. He had brought the fellows of Magdalen, members of a lay corporation, before the High Commission Court—a court for ecclesiastical causes—the commission of that court itself being illegal. Lastly, he had assumed to visit the college by a subaltern commission delegated by the High Commission, and had visited not to inquire, but to hear, to determine, and to punish.

All these exertions of prerogative being either illegal, or of doubtful legality, according to the opinion of the lawyers of that day, it might have been supposed that the fellows would have taken their stand upon their legal rights. But they do not do so. The plea they put forward is, as against Farmer, that of objectionable moral character; as against Parker, the fact that they had elected Hough before the mandate to elect Parker arrived; as against the dispensation, that they take an oath in their statutes not to accept any dispensation. On every point they evade the great constitutional issue; or rather they decline to make common cause with the constitutional party. The fact is, they were all members of the Church of England, and members of the University of Oxford. And the Church and the university had for three generations been committing themselves more and more deeply to the high doctrines of prerogative and divine right. It was not open to them, now that this prerogative was suddenly played against themselves, to turn round

and affirm that there were limitations to it.

None of James's violent acts contributed so much to his downfall as this assault on Magdalen. By his own confession afterwards (Burnet, p. 799), "the king, both at Faversham and after his return to Whitehall, justified all he had done, but spoke a little doubtfully of the business of Magdalen College."

Yet it appears that the parties concerned, the fellows of Magdalen, the invasion of whose rights awakened all this sympathy, never raised the constitutional issue, but put forward the merely personal plea of their oaths and their consciences—a plea in which the nation had no interest. It was not till a late stage in the proceedings that

Hough timidly, and as an after-thought, brought out a protest against the jurisdiction of the Court of High Commission. It is another instance to be added to the many which history furnishes of great principles having been vindicated by the agency of men who are wholly unconscious of what they were doing. The triumph of civil liberty over arbitrary power in 1688 was due in great measure to the passive resistance of the fellows of Magdalen, as the emancipation of the human mind from the control of the clergy in the sixteenth century was due in great measure to the preaching of Luther. But the vindication of civil liberty was no more in the thoughts of the fellows of Magdalen, than the emancipation of the intellect was in the intention of Luther.

MARK PATTISON.

To be continued.

TWO CITIES AND TWO SEASONS—ROME AND LONDON,
A.D. 408 AND 1875.

IF any one wishes to study a microcosm and epitome of the grand world in London, as it is to be seen during the present season, let him go to Hyde Park on what day he will between the hours of five and seven P.M. He will find no single feature in our fashionable civilization unrepresented. Vienna may have its Prater, Berlin its Unter den Linden, Rome its Corso and its Pincian, Paris its Bois de Boulogne, New York its Broadway, St. Petersburg its Nevské Perspective. The spectacle of the Row in the season is unrivalled in either hemisphere. Thirty years ago the number of well-appointed equipages, which "a stranger, seated on the rails near our great captain's statue, might see pass before him to the Mall in all the pomp of aristocratic pride," within the space of two hours, was calculated by "Nimrod" at a thousand; that estimate, to be adequate, should now be quadrupled. "Old Seneca," writes the chronicler of the Chase, the Turf, and the Road, best known by his already-mentioned *nom de plume*, "tells us such a blaze of splendour was once to be seen on the Appian Way. It might be so; it is now to be seen nowhere but in London."

To discover something like a prototype for Rotten Row and the London season, it is not necessary to travel the full interval of time which separates us from the age of the great Stoic moralist. Let us ask the reader to suppose himself in the thick of a Roman season, two hundred years and more after Lucius Annæus Seneca had bequeathed to his friends and to posterity "the image of his life." We are, in fact, in Pagano-Christian Rome, about the date 408 of this era of grace. Society had its historians, its satirists, and its preachers, pretty much as society has now. It had, too, its follies, its foibles, its

extravagances, much after the pattern which Babylon sets the world to-day. For our edification the records of all these survive. Ammianus Marcellinus and the Christian fathers themselves abound in sketches which have the stamp of truth, and we must be dull indeed if we miss their application to our own epoch. It is overpoweringly hot in the seven-hilled city. The Roman season of 408 languishes to its end. But the cypresses which line the Appian Way cast as grateful a shadow as the elms which flank Rotten Row. The gorgeously decorated carriages are surmounted with skilfully-devised awnings, and tall footmen, stationed on the splash-board behind, hold over the heads of patrician dames gilded umbrellas with silken folds. Still it is "quite too awful this heat: how delicious to be in Iceland." It was not exactly in this language that the Roman ladies of the period expressed themselves, but if Ammianus Marcellinus is to be trusted the sentiment conveyed was identical. "Should a sunbeam," he writes, "penetrate through some unguarded and imperceptible chink they deplore their intolerable hardships, and lament in affected language that they were not born in the land of the Cimmerians, the region of eternal darkness." The crowd of carriages—*carruce*, is the name given them by the Roman historian, and they may be said roughly to correspond to our modern barouches—grows denser every minute. At the first mile-stone from the Servian gates, and from thence to the tomb of the Scipios, hard by the hollow of the Aqua Crabra, the equipages press so closely on each other that they can only proceed at a snail's pace. Nearer to the city still, as the road becomes a street, and is intersected by various thoroughfares,

the stream of vehicles disperses in different directions, and the equipages of matrons and ladies set off at a sharp trot "round the immense space of the city and suburbs. Their long robes of silk and purple float in the wind, and as they are agitated by art or accident they occasionally discover the rich tunics embroidered with the figures of various animals." Are the fair occupants of the *carruce* supplied to the present generation by such purveyors as Messrs. Laurie and Marnier ignorant of similar innocent little devices for displaying the elegant fit of a boddice, or the graceful fold of a mantilla? But Rotten Row is not exclusively dedicated to the presence of ladies whose social position is well defined and indisputable. The half-world of M. Dumas supplies a conspicuous contingent. The Marchioness of Carabas's victoria is immediately followed by Anonyma and her ponies. A very considerable sensation was very recently caused in Hyde Park by the pertinacity with which a certain Lili-putian equipage, drawn by a pair of miniature horses, on one of which was seated a diminutive postilion, made its appearance within the fashionable inclosure day after day; and great ladies, while betraying signs of deep curiosity as to the *status* and the antecedents of the proprietress of this bijou vehicle, were heard to express their disgust at the frequent signs of recognition which she elicited from the gilded youth and the more patriarchal dandies grouped on the adjacent footpath. Strangely enough Ammianus indicates something very like a parallel to this. "If," he tells us, and he is speaking of the Roman nobles, "in their places of mixed and general resort they meet any of their favourites they do not refrain from open salutation." Unless Chrysostom grievously exaggerates the phenomena of his age, institutions closely analogous to the afternoon teas which attract a considerable proportion of the members of two Pall Mall Clubs to the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood and South Belgravia, were not unknown to the young officers of the

imperial army, taking their holiday in the seven-hilled city after the labours of an arduous campaign among the border tribes of Scythia.

Nothing can be more dramatically complete than the entire picture presented by the historian, on whom the author of the "Decline and Fall" has so largely drawn, of high life at Rome, and of the characters and customs of an aristocracy which had long since lost its influence because it systematically ignored its duties. And a new aristocracy, that of wealth, had asserted its existence in the social hierarchy of Rome. In nineteenth century London, a good many highly respectable people flaunt armorial bearings, crests, and mottoes, to which they have no legal or heraldic claim, and are supplied by obliging dealers with faithful portraits of a remote and mythical ancestry. Changes of patronymic are not unknown. Neither were they unknown in the epoch of which Ammianus gives us a faithful narrative. These shoddyites—*plebecula* is the Latin expression—"contend," he remarks, "with each other in the empty vanity of titles and surnames—curiously select or invent the most lofty and sonorous appellations." Thus some wretched *terra filius* who had made his fortune by a successful venture in Asiatic merchandise or Greek fruit, would from plain Faber swagger before the Roman world as Reburus or Fabunius, Pagonius or Tarrasinus—titles, observes our author, "which seem to impress the ears of the vulgar with astonishment and respect. From a vain ambition," he continues, "of perpetuating their memory, they affect to multiply their likeness in statues of bronze and marble." Have we not here something like an anticipation of those "Portraits of a Gentleman" which now form so prominent a feature in the annual exhibition at Burlington House?

Let us select another point of coincidence between the two cities and the two seasons. The gambling hells of London no longer exist. But is the social reform which we pride our-

selves on having consummated genuine? If we have no Crockford's, have we no Arlington and no Portland? If we do not play high in public, what passes in private? If there are no organizations out of doors for the promotion of *écarté* and *roulette*, is there any person at all acquainted with the *vie intime* of Mayfair and St. James's who cannot mention half-a-dozen domiciles, pretty and innocent enough as to their exterior, but to which no visitor would be welcome after the shades of night had fallen, unless he was willing to stake sums, for something more than "fun" or "love," on the turn of the dice or the colour of the cards. Are there no Becky Sharpes and Rawdon Crawleys to preside over such delightful little establishments as these? "Another method," we quote the garrulously circumstantial chronicler, "of introduction into the houses and society of the great is derived from the profession of gaming, or, as it is more politely styled, of play. The confederates are united by a strict and indissoluble bond of friendship, or rather of conspiracy: a superior degree of skill in the Tesserarian art (which may be interpreted the game of dice and tables) is a sure road to wealth and reputation." Captain Deuceace and Mr. Rocketeer may be glad to know that they each of them have their prototypes in Ammianus Marcellinus. Perhaps if we could recover some of the lost books of Ammianus's history, we should read of the woes of "plungers" and the sorrows of "pigeons."

The effect produced on the reader of these records resembles that which follows on a survey of the excavated remains at Herculaneum and Pompeii. We are brought face to face with a civilization which, as we gaze at it, lives again. The Roman nobles of whom Ammianus tells us are not phantoms—they are realities. We can see their consequential swagger as they walk in the direction of the Campus Martius; our eyes are blinded by the dust-clouds raised by their whirling equipages; we are conscious of offence at the contemptuous arrogance of

their manner; we do not fail to perceive the settled sneer that curls upon their upper lip. If we were to follow them, after the conclusion of their drive through the Appian Way, into their palaces grouped on or around the hills of the city, we should be impressed with a sense rather of glare and glitter than of elegance or comfort. Mr. Disraeli, in his latest novel, has described a certain order of banquets as marked by "coarse plenty and barbaric splendour." In the great houses of Pagano-Christian Rome there was magnificence rather than grandeur, luxury rather than refinement. The dinners and suppers of the aristocracy were conceived on a scale of gorgeous abundance; there was a dazzling profusion of plate; the air was heavy with perfumes of sickly sweetness; but there was an absence of all humanizing influences. The impression conveyed by a perusal of such a treatise as Müller's *opus magnum* on the "Genius, the Character, and the Learning of the Age of Theodosius" is one of ostentatious vulgarity. Yet even in the chapter of Ammianus on the Roman nobility there are one or two brief passages not unsuggestive of a certain degree of parallelism. As we read of "proud and wealthy senators who "when in the country, welcome a casual acquaintance with such warm professions and such kind inquiries that he retires enchanted with the affability of his illustrious friend, and full of regret that he had so long delayed his journey to Rome;" as we hear the sequel—how when the provincial makes the solicited visit to his *potens amicus* in the capital, at his town house, "he is mortified by the discovery that his person, his name, and his county are already forgotten," are we not reminded of the episode in which a well-known personage replying on the flag-stones of Pall Mall to the effusive salutation of a rural acquaintance, said that as he had known him in the country before, so he should be happy to know him when he was in the country again? While rustic cousins were not more courted in Rome than in London, foreigners were in a measure

the fashion. My Lord Fabunius, Viscount Pagonius, or Earl Tarrasinus welcomed with open arms the stranger who hailed from Athens or the shores of the Levant. There are members of the peerage in England who appear to believe that a sea voyage has the same effect upon human character as on wine, and who extend to the smallest of Transatlantic authors a reception which they would shudder to give to a man of letters of their own country.

Let us suppose that the Roman season of the year 408 A.D. is over, and that the representatives of Roman fashion have retired from the capital for the purpose of recruiting after its fatigues—even as in August the broken hearts of London will wing their flight to Scarborough and the blighted beings find refuge at Cowes. Italy had both its Cowes and its Scarborough. The painted galleys which sailed upon the waters of the Lucrine lake, what were they but the forerunners of the fairy craft which flit up and down the Solent? We have heard of yachtsmen who object upon principle to lose sight of their clubhouse on the coast, and who are careful not to go so far in their expeditions as to be unable to recognise the signal which a kindly *chef* displays communicating to them the contents of the dinner *ménù* of the day. The fine ladies and gentlemen who trusted themselves to the surface of the Mediterranean off Baie and Cayeta were, we gather from Ammianus, very fair-weather sailors indeed. "Sometimes," writes this Duc de Gramont of his age, "these heroes undertake more arduous achievements—they visit their estates in Italy, and procure themselves by the toil of servile hands the amusements of the chase." Did Ammianus intend to make any prophetic allusion to the modern *battue*? Before we quit this part of our subject, let us give a further extract from our historian. "The acquisition of knowledge seldom engages the curiosity of the nobles, who abhor the fatigue and disdain the advantages of study. . . . But the costly

instruments of the theatre, flutes and enormous lyres, are constructed for their use; and the harmony of vocal and instrumental music is incessantly repeated in the palaces of Rome. In those palaces sound is preferred to sense, and the care of the body to that of the mind. . . . The distress which follows and chastises extravagant luxury often reduces the great to the use of the most humiliating expedients, and when they desire to borrow they employ the base and supplicatory style of the slave in the comedy." We think it was Mr. Gaston Phœbus who said that the great point in the training of our governing classes is that they never "read." Have not the theatre and its accompaniments become of late a fashion to an extent only known since the model of social Paris has been set up and worshipped in London? while as for the Nemesis of insolvency which dogged the footsteps of the "extravagant" habits of the nobles in the reign of Honorius and Constantine, has it been unknown since the accession of Queen Victoria?

The question of the populousness of Rome at this period is one which, notwithstanding the immense amount of speculation and research that it has excited, has not been settled. Whether we fix the number of its inhabitants at 1,200,000, or at little more than half that sum, it is at least certain that in the dense crowding of its dwellings, in its close and vivid contrasts between pauperism and opulence, in the local proximity of the dens of squalor and misery to the palaces of a profligate aristocracy, Rome resembled London more nearly than any other city has ever done before or since. Then, as now, St. James and St. Giles were next door neighbours, and had some Roman senator cared to take up such a social question he might have found abundant material for a measure analogous to Mr. Cross's "Rookeries Bill." Into such matters as these the great world of Pagano-Christian Rome did not care to inquire; and the languid ladies who wore all kinds of devotional and religious devices embroidered on their

dainty robes—even as our own “girls of the period” burden their bosoms with crosses and show a *penchant* for Brummagem rosaries—bestowed not a thought upon the wretched, ragged specimens of humanity whom they encountered in the course of their afternoon drive. Yet these high-born dames and demoiselles prided themselves above all things on the orthodoxy of their theological faith. The religion of Christianity had already become highly fashionable at Rome. Six years before the Gothic siege, St. Melania returned to the Italian capital after an absence of some duration for purposes of piety. On this occasion, as we learn from Paulinus Nolanus, the Appian way was one uninterrupted blaze of splendid carriages, containing the wives and daughters of the chief nobles and senators of the city, magnificently dressed in [the most elaborate toilets which the costumiers of the age could manufacture. Rome had, in truth, come out to meet and greet the fashionable saint in much the same way that London debouches into Hyde Park when the Princess of Wales, for the first time in the season, comes forth to gladden with her presence the eyes of the motley concourse at the West End. A motley group, too, it was which welcomed, A.D. 402, the divine Melania to the city of her adoption. There, in the midst of a throng, habited in a multitude of fashions, and resplendent with all the colours of the rainbow, were a sprinkling of men and women whose garments and whose mien struck the eye as a protest against the levity and ostentation of the crowd—women in serge dresses and with covered faces; men who, as they hurried onwards to catch a glimpse of her whom Heaven was supposed to have visited with such exceptional marks of favour, muttered a prayer under their breath, described upon their breast the sign of the cross, made a gesture, as who would say, *Apaga, Satanas!* while their toga of coarsest cloth or untanned skin trailed behind.

It was these latter who constituted the Roman clergy, and who were the

spiritual guides, pastors, and confessors of the feminine rank and fashion of the Eternal City. The resemblance presented by the interior of a fashionable church at Rome to what is to be witnessed any Sunday at any one of the ritualistic establishments in London must have been curiously close.

“In a church that is furnished with mullion and gable,
With nave and with chancel, with reredos and groin,
The penitent's dresses are sealskin and sable,
The odour of sanctity's Eau de Cologne.

“But only could Lucifer flying from Hades
Gaze down on this crowd with its panniers and paints,
He would say, as he looked at the lords and the ladies,
‘Oh, where is All Sinners, if this is All Saints!’”

So has written an epigrammatist of our day, and there are passages in the writings of St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, and St. Augustine which read like ancient homilies on the modern text. The women, we are told by these fathers of the Church, “take their places and offer up their prayers loaded with rings and chains. The air is filled with strange scents and exquisite odours. Religion itself is made subservient to vanity and display. Even in the house of God matrons wear their hair brought up to an enormous height, especially affecting the *golden dye* [mark these words!] from which propensity they are not to be deterred by any motives of religion.” In a similar vein St. Jerome, reviewing the *personnel* of the congregation which attended his own chapel, asks, in one of his sermons, “What business have rouge and paint on a Christian cheek? Who can weep for her sins as she hears the just wrath and sure judgments of God announced, if she knows that the tears will wash her face bare and leave furrows on her skin? With what trust can faces be lifted up towards heaven which the Maker cannot recognize as His workmanship?” St. Gregory of Nazianzen, while preaching a funeral sermon on his sister

Gorgonia, takes the opportunity of satirizing the feminine follies and foibles of the day, and by anticipation, of a day also for which the world was to wait some fourteen centuries. "Her only ornaments," quoth the saintly pulpiteer in reference to the object of his panegyric, "were pure manners and a pure air. She wore no jewels, no fine transparent robes, no hair crisped, no extravagant head-dress, no paint, no false colours. Gorgonia's red was given by modesty, her white by fasting." "Those pigments," exclaims Tertullian, "that ye use for your cheeks, that red dye which ye place upon your lips, that black with which ye mark your eyebrows—what are they but open disdain for God's work? In God's likeness ye were made, and of that similitude ye do your utmost to destroy all trace."

Yet, notwithstanding these very plain animadversions, delivered Sunday after Sunday from the pulpit of the Roman churches against the iniquities of fashion, the clergy were high in fashionable favour, and their sermons were listened to by overflowing congregations. The Roman ladies appear to have had the same taste in the matter of pulpit oratory as that attributed by Mrs. Oliphant in "*Chronicles of Carlingford*" to one of her heroines, and to have been chiefly attracted by "real, rousing-up discourses." One preacher might say that "women had always some contest with saints; and that the enmity of Jezebel to Elias, and of Herodias to John the Baptist, was typical of a strife that was being waged every day in the world." Tertullian might blindly exclaim, "You women are the cause of the sin of the world, and yet you delight thus to attract notice to yourselves;" or might, by a fanciful combination of ideas, carry his hearers in thought from the serpent to the devil, and from the devil to womankind by the following images:—"Pearls, which are the ornaments of women, are taken out of the heads of serpents: this only was wanting to Christian women to be

indebted to the serpent for the improvement of their beauty. Is this the way in which they seek to carry out the spirit of the prophecy, "She shall bruise his head?" Nor was Chrysostom more reserved or complimentary. "Your fine linen," he said, "will not shield you from the flame; your purple will not keep off the fire of hell." There is nothing to show that these expostulations and invectives produced much in the way of result. It was to no purpose that these patristic Boanerges reminded their flock that they were told by the inspired Word to work out their salvation with fear and trembling, and yet that, in the face of this Divine information, they appeared before Him week after week with faces confident and satisfied, as if their silks, their laces, ponderous buckles and diamonds, could purchase safety for their souls. If "the body of a little woman could be made to bear a load of riches, and carry about with it an entire estate," did the wearer of that wealth remember that as she had brought nothing into the world so she could take nothing out? When St. Jerome, as he thundered forth his eloquent and impassioned diatribes against the sins of his generation, saw depicted on the countenances of his hearers a keenly critical pleasure, and recognized in their manner a tendency to demonstrate their approval by words and signs, he indignantly deprecated any such manifestation. "Let me," he cried, "hear rather the groans of the people than their acclamations; let the only applause given me be their tears."

At this period no fewer than thirty-nine churches existed on the sites of Pagan temples. The Bishop of Rome had already become a considerable personage in the realm. His power was supreme over the urban clergy, and extended to a wide suburbicarian district as well. The clerical establishment which he ruled in the city itself was composed of forty-six presbyters, seven deacons, as many subdeacons, forty-two acolytes, fifty-two exorcists, and a host of wardens and door-keepers. In the splendours of its

ceremonial, Roman Christianity did not yield to Roman Paganism. The propriety of this magnificence in the services of the Church was not, however, undisputed. We may even trace in the difference of sentiment and practice which prevailed on the subject the germs of that feud which has continued for centuries among professing Christians, and which divides the Church of England at the present day—between the supporters of a gorgeous symbolism in ecclesiastical ordinances and the cultivators of a studied and severe simplicity. It is clear that then, as now, the religious world was divided into the opposing camps of Ritualism and Evangelicism. The cultus of primitive Christianity, which was distinctively Roman, had not suffered itself to be betrayed into extravagance. The increase of religious pageantry was the result of a twofold influence—first, the necessity of a successful competition with the ceremonies of Paganism; secondly, the force of the example of the Eastern Christian Church. In the age of which we write the pomp of Byzantine usage had grafted itself on the once almost puritanically simple Church of Rome. Still the innovations were (in some quarters) strongly opposed; and while it was urged, on the one hand, that religion, in winning souls to the Saviour of mankind, should without hesitation avail itself of all the allurements of sense, it was contended, on the other, that the æsthetic emotions were at best an untrustworthy basis for moral practice or for theological conviction.¹ Strangely enough, as if a premonitory sign of the warfare in after ages to be waged by opposite schools of thought as to the text of the spiritual songs and psalms in use in their churches, a severe conflict had already arisen on the subject of ecclesiastical hymnals and their appropriate musical accompaniment. Any person who knows the bone of con-

tention which the publication entitled “Hymns, Ancient and Modern” is among the clergy of the present day will regard the dispute as ominously prophetic.

Old Rome—the Rome of the Cæsars, of Jupiter, of the worship of Vesta, the Rome whose glory and protection were the special care of all the members of the Olympian hierarchy—had passed away. The new order of things had been already entered upon. The religion of Christianity was popular; excommunication was a social and a fashionable penalty, and involved a species of ostracism from the most select of Roman coteries. The Church was not merely the home of piety: it was a court of modish honour. The supremacy of the pontiffs bade fair to rival that of the Emperors; and in the relations which existed between Valentinian and Damasus, we may see the first beginnings of that strife between Pope and Kaiser which runs through the whole web of European history. “When I consider,” says Ammianus, speaking of the contest between Damasus and Ursinus for the pontifical chair, “the splendour of the capital, I am not surprised that so valuable a prize should inflame the desires of ambitious men. The successful candidate is secure that he will be enriched by the offerings of the matrons; as soon as his dress is composed with becoming care and elegance he may proceed in his chariot through the streets of Rome; and the sumptuousness of the imperial table will not equal the profuse and delicate entertainments provided by the taste and at the expense of the Roman pontiffs. How much more rationally would these pontiffs consult their true happiness, if, instead of alleging the greatness of the city as an excuse for their manners, they would imitate the exemplary life of those provincial bishops whose temperance and sobriety, whose mean apparel and downcast looks, recommend their pure and modest virtue to the Deity and His true worshippers.”

We need not have much difficulty in finding points of social detail in which

¹ In his “Early Christianity” (iii. 30), Dean Milman has traced the gradual transfiguration of the ritual of the Roman Church, and its social and religious results.

the ecclesiastical system of Pagano-Christian Rome suggests a resemblance to that of Christian and fashionable London. The "pet parsons" and the "fast clergymen" of modern society had their faithful prototypes in the fifth century. The Rev. Morphine Velvet, of Mr. Samuel Warren, and the Rev. Charles Honeyman, of Mr. Thackeray, had their prototypes in the ranks of the primitive Roman hierarchy. The spirit which prompts young ladies of the present day to overwhelm the celibate curate or the rector (unattached) with gifts of slippers and curiously emblazoned book-marks, animated the matrons and the maids, whose ancestresses had bowed their pious knee in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. St. Jerome takes the younger clergy of his communion severely to task because they do not abstain from mingling in the giddy crowd on the Appian Way or even from assisting at the shows of the theatre and the spectacles of the circus. "You," he exclaims with righteous wrath, in one of his addresses, "who by your vows have dedicated your life to the divine service, are you not ashamed to devote hours and days to attendance on these idle women, who, while they prattle about the things of the next world, have their hearts and affections solely fixed upon the things of this? Does no feeling of reverence and awe prevent you from laying aside the garb which is intended to proclaim to all men your sacred calling, and assuming a dress which has in it no trace of the priesthood? Does no fear lest your souls should contract pollution from the levity and profanity of the conversation to which you must listen come over you when you take your place at those banquets of the great?" St. Jerome may possibly have fallen into an excess of severity in these denunciations of his weaker brethren. But he appears to describe phenomena with which we are curiously familiar. We shall be pardoned if we suggest that the number of Anglican clergymen who are to be met with in Hyde Park during the season, on the course at Ascot on the cup day,

or in the Duke of Richmond's Park during the Goodwood week, in *mufti*, might cause the bones of the old Roman saint to turn with indignation in their sepulchre. It is perfectly possible to distinguish between two classes of the Christian priesthood, each of them possessing considerable social influence at Rome, and diligently cultivating the families of the Roman nobility. On the one hand we have the monkish *hereditipetists*, or legacy-hunters—the priestly successors of the *testamenti captatores* lashed by Juvenal—who on the strength of their spiritual influence with the opulent households of the capital laid the foundation of the temporal wealth of their order; on the other we have those who take advantage of their priestly position and privileges to acquire in Gibbon's language, "the most desirable advantages of the world; the lively attachment, perhaps, of a young and beautiful woman; the delicate plenty of an opulent household, and the respectful homage of the slaves, the freedmen, and the clients of a senatorial family."¹ When we remember that in the early days of the Christian Church at Rome celibacy was not uniformly compulsory on her priesthood, the position and the possible pretensions of the ecclesiastical *cavalier servente* provide us with the outline of a picture that, *mutatis mutandis*, might have been drawn from the life of to-day.

In alluding to the power exercised by the Christian clergy over the fair members of their congregation, we are reminded of a change that had already taken place in the social and legal position of the entire sex, which must on the whole be allowed to bring us very near to the modern order of things. The condition of the Roman wife had become totally revolutionized. The family was no longer constructed on the principle of marital autocracy, but of co-equal partnership. The legal rights of women as regarded the tenure of property, independent of the jurisdiction of their husbands, were as complete as the late Mr. Mill would have desired. The for-

¹ "Decline and Fall," chap. xxv.

tunes of many of the Roman ladies were immense, and, in the manner which has been described above, not unfrequently found their way into the coffers of the Church—a destination which was by no means discontinued after the issue of Valentinian's edict illegalizing testamentary dispositions made in the interest of ecclesiastics. Socially, the Roman lady was free to order her movements as she would, nor can Mayfair or Belgravia boast of more perfect specimens of feminine independence than abounded in the fashionable neighbourhood of the Palatine. Marriage was regarded, the protests of the Church notwithstanding, as a civil contract terminable at will, and one of the consequences of the practical adoption of this view was that a phenomenon which the student of English sociology will recognize as strangely on the increase in our own favoured century was curiously prevalent at Rome. Probably every third carriage which passed in that glittering string described by Ammianus Marcellinus down the great promenade of the city contained a *divorcée*, or a marketable widow. St. Jerome mentions a lady of fashion at Rome who was married to her twenty-third husband, she herself being his twenty-first wife. Incompatibility of temper, difference of religious belief, mere dislike of the married state—these were admitted as sufficient causes for a final suspension of all matrimonial relations. A *divorcée* is eyed with suspicion in London or at Brighton, where they are probably more numerous than in any other town in the United Kingdom, or even in Paris. But though pulpits echoed Sunday after Sunday with denunciations of divorce as an institution ineffably offensive to the Divine will, the custom was regarded with something more than social toleration. The lady who had separated from her husband by mere process of law enjoyed a greater amount of liberty than her unmarried friend, and in spite of the fervour of the patristic condemnation, her position suggested itself to her friends as only less desirable than that of the widow. On the

widow of the period, not less than on the *divorcée*, St. Jerome is particularly severe. "They are used," he says, "to paint, to dress in silk, wear jewels, and sprinkle themselves with perfumes. They mourn for their husbands as if they rejoiced that they are at last freed from bondage, and may look after other husbands." Before we take leave of the impassioned invective of this saintly censor we may say that there is one class in the world of Roman fashion whom he assails with more indignant remonstrances than worldly-minded clerics, divorced wives, or frisky widows—the *passé* dowagers and the decaying dandies, who, "though the tomb is waiting to receive them, still flock to the theatres and sun themselves in the park." "You dress well," he says, speaking to some Major Pendennis of his day, "you wear rings, you adjust in proper form the few hairs that remain on your autumnal head. Has not the hour come for more serious thoughts?" St. Salvian's language is even more emphatic, and his *senes improbi mundi usibus dediti* may be translated with accuracy if not with elegance "fashionable old sinners."

Twenty-five years ago, there was no more common theme of priestly invective in the pulpits of our English churches than the stage. The Puritan animosity against the theatre as the temple of the devil and the anteroom of hell had not yet died out. For two reasons these diatribes are heard with much less frequency now: first, a more comprehensive and robust view is generally taken of dramatic art; secondly, the objections which a quarter of a century since might have been advanced, not without injustice, to the immorality of its accessories, are now anachronous. Vice itself may not have decreased; but the *venue* of vice has been shifted, and the music-hall has purged the playhouse. Even our professed teachers of religion and morality have recognized the truth, that nothing is gained by obscurantism at least here; and that if the art of the playwright or the novelist be the representation of human

nature, sin and misery, crime and sorrow, come within the legitimate sphere of literary or dramatic treatment. The writings of the moralists and divines contemporary with St. Jerome are full of unmeasured strictures upon spectacles which are sometimes roughly identified with the theatrical performances of our own time. We venture to think it is an entire mistake to suppose that the genuine dramatic exhibitions of the nineteenth century were included by anticipation in the patristic anathemas of the fifth. The gymnastic games of the circus, and the presentation of the comedies of Plautus, Terence, and their successors were not placed under the ban of the primitive Church. St. Cyprian is perhaps of all others the writer and preacher who discusses the topic at the greatest length, and who subjects the influence of the pageants of the stage on those who throng to witness them to the most unsparing analysis. But his animadversions are only applicable to the drama in its most debased form; to the brutalising combats between gladiators and wild beasts in the amphitheatre; to the gross mimes of Liberius, and to the indecent dances of a nude *corps de ballet*. It can only be said that theatrical exhibitions were condemned unreservedly by the fathers of the Church, when it is alleged—as with only a very partial degree of truth it can be—that the only shows which the public at Rome cared to witness were of this order. The taste of a public accustomed to have its passions stirred by the sight of mortal combats between man and man had become almost irredeemably debauched. As is ever the case, cruelty and sensuality went hand in hand, and if there were exhibitions that fairly rivalled these bloodstained prize-fights, they were exhibitions which provoked desire and symbolized lust.

Was there no species of histrionic or scenic entertainment in fifth century Rome, occupying a mean point between these two extremes? We believe that there was. The pantomimists of the imperial city had acquired an evil name

in the days of Tacitus; the pantomime itself was not necessarily an indecorous amusement in the days of Theodosian.¹ With the charming account of the representation of the fable of Paris, as given by Apuleius in the tenth book of his "Metamorphoses," before us, it may reasonably be contended that the Roman pantomime was inferior neither from an ethical nor æsthetic point of view to the *opéras bouffes* of Offenbach and to the burlesques and extravaganzas of our own stage. In such exhibitions as these Roman ladies of birth and fashion did not shrink from taking a part, and we may gather from the varied information which is incorporated in the pages of Friedlander that they occasionally paid theatrical managers large sums in consideration of being allowed the privilege of publicly appearing behind the footlights. A misguided taste, it is true, but one which we may as well recollect is not unknown in some eminently respectable circles of English society, while if English theatrical managers were to consent to sacrifice the sums which they are said to receive from *débütantes* and their friends, on the occasion of "first nights," they would forego one of the most profitable sources of their revenue. Roman pantomimes might not always be so innocent as that described by Apuleius; but, judged by the standard of the general morality and sentiment of the two ages, it cannot be said that the Pagano-Christian public of fifth-century Rome exhibited a greater degree of indifference to theatrical decorum than the wholly Christian public of nineteenth-century London, in the eagerness with which it flocks to see Schneider in the "Grande Duchesse," to witness the unlovely motions of the can-can, or to contemplate the last edition of a very questionable ballet dance newly imported from the Porte St. Martin. Barbarous and

¹ The themes of these pantomimes comprehended the whole cycle of Greek and Roman mythology, the stories of Medea and Jason, Tereus and Philomela, Perseus and Andromeda, &c. &c. Sidonius Apollinaris fills twenty-six lines with these enumerations.

brutal enough the gladiatorial *spectacula* in the amphitheatres were, as any one who has seen the pictures of Gerome will feel with a shudder. Still, when it is remembered that the multitudes who thronged to see these were the descendants of a people who had been assiduously taught during successive generations to hold bloodshed as nothing by the side of patriotism; when it is considered that in the brute courage and bull-dog resolution with which those brawny figures met death in the arena below, the crowd which cheered to madness saw the exaltation of the national ideal of excellence—it may be doubted whether a grosser sentiment of cruelty was appealed to than that which thrills an English mob at the sight of the hazardous feats of the flying trapeze, or the more select circles who gather at Hurlingham to witness the “tournament of doves,” or which animates Admiral Rous in his defence of cock-fighting!¹

The chief interest in the study of the period on which we have dwelt, arises from its prophetic presentment of the spirit and the circumstances of a later generation. Christianity in its infancy is not unmarked by those features of sectarian strife which are visible in its maturity. The intellectual key-note of the two ages gives forth a nearly identical sound. In the Rome of Ammianus Marcellinus, one system of thought and of religion had decayed without another having yet completely taken its place. It was a period of transition, and like all periods of transition it was one in which conviction was weak, and superstition and scepticism strong. “There are many,” says Ammianus, speaking of the Roman

nobles, “who do not presume either to bathe, or to dine, or to appear in public till they have diligently consulted, according to the rules of astrology, the situation of Mercury and the aspect of the moon. It is singular enough that this vain credulity may often be discovered among the profane sceptics who impiously doubt or deny the existence of a celestial power.” St. Augustine’s testimony is of similar significance. “There are,” he tells us, “men who, though they act as if they believed not in God, yet when seized with fear, suddenly cross themselves.” We may smile at the traits of heathen superstition mentioned by Ammianus, but we may as well recollect that we ourselves live in a time when the spirits of the departed are believed by not a few to embody themselves in the panels of oak sideboards, and to take up their temporary habitation in the legs of mahogany tables. Gibbon fills page after page with instances of the power and charm which the miraculous had already begun to exercise with the children of the Christian Church. Relics of inestimable value and sanctity were perpetually being discovered: “The bones of martyrs, their blood, their garments, were supposed to contain a healing power; and their preternatural influence was communicated to the most distant objects without losing any part of its virtue.”² Pilgrimages had already begun to be taken by members of fashionable Rome to shrines and sepulchres; and the follies of the Roman season were considered to be amply atoned for by one of these pious progresses. In the fifth century the expeditions were undertaken on foot; in the nineteenth the pilgrims travel first-class express. That is the chief extent of the difference.

But fashionable and popular as Christianity had become, it was scarcely yet a nationally animating power. Its doctrines created a vivid superficial enthusiasm; they sunk in few cases to the depth of a profound moral conviction. Rome has not yet had time to recover

¹ To class the public spectacles of Rome at this period under their different heads, they must be divided as follows:—(1) Gymnastic Games (our own athletic sports); (2) The Plantino and Terentian Drama (Legitimate Drama); (3) Mimes (Burlesque); (4) The Sports of the Amphitheatre (with which compare the trapeze, Hurlingham (and, if it exists anywhere still, the Prize Ring); (5) Chariot Races—an institution which corresponds exactly to our own “turf.”

² “Decline and Fall,” xxvii.

from the pernicious effects created by the juxtaposition of the multitudinous workshops that had asserted themselves in the time of Augustus, and that had "effected," as Mr. Lecky justly remarks,¹ "what could not have been effected by the most sceptical literature or the most audacious philosophy:" the complete annihilation of the moral influence of religion. Stoicism was still the gospel of a majority of the intellectual men at Rome, even though, in deference to the feelings of their wives and daughters, they professed themselves believers in the Galilean revelation. The teachings of Epicurus obtained the sympathies of the mass, and Epicureanism was nothing less than the principle of national disintegration. The wealth acquired by the middle classes, combined with the supineness of the aristocratic order, had effectually removed the impassable social barrier which had till then existed between the two. Rome had taken its rank as Cosmopolis: the cosmopolitan spirit had supplanted the national; the entire community were steeped to the lips in national as well as political indifference; patriotism had expired; and a *régime* of public greatness and grandeur had been succeeded by one of ambitious luxury. It was to no purpose that Christian preachers endeavoured to awake the public mind to a sense of the inevitable catastrophe in store. A Jerome or a Chrysostom might crown his denunciations of the sins and the apathy of the time, by telling his audience that the Goths were at their gates. They

¹ "History of European Morals," vol. i. chap. ii. p. 178.

were. In less than eight years after the occasion on which fashionable piety gave St. Melania so superb a welcome on the Appian Way, Roman civilization received its death-blow from the hands of Attila and his hosts.

If in all this there is nothing that is strictly analogous to our own national conditions, is there nothing which appeals to us in accents of salutary warning? The foundations of social order may be fixed too deep in England to render us apprehensive of social dissolution. It was the absolute supremacy of the Roman empire—the absence of all competition with its resources and prestige in the lists of the world—which paved the way for its fall. It perished of its own security, and was buried beneath the monument of its own greatness. From this danger we are happily free. We have rivals abroad; we have at home men marked out by the combined qualifications of birth, character, and position as the natural leaders of the people, who are able and ready to play their part in the national history. This was a boon never vouchsafed to Pagan-Christian Rome. Nevertheless, are we not, too, passing through a period of transition—of transition political, social, religious, philosophical? Is not our lot cast also amid the conflict of creeds and the fierce antagonism of ideas? Are we beset by no perils of political infidelity and national selfishness? If this is the case, then the contrast which in these pages it has been attempted to draw cannot be otherwise than reasonable and suggestive.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

ST. ANDREW'S LINKS.¹

As I came over St. Andrew's Links
 So sweet a face I saw,
 I thought—"Could I that maiden win,
 I'd make her mine by law."

The sweet face turned, with a rosy blush,
 The sweet mouth smiled on me;
 And a sweet voice said, "O Cousin Fred,
 Can I so forgotten be?"

My heart leaped up with a sudden throb;
 My pulse beat hard and wild:
 It was Cousin Jean! whom I had not seen
 Since she was a slender child.

And since we met, the sister I loved,
 In her blooming youth had died:
 And Jean had wept for a father's loss,
 By her widowed mother's side.

So we turned and spoke of the dear old home,
 And the tranquil days gone by,
 And the friendly folk we both had known
 Ere we learned to weep or sigh.

And so we walked—and so we talked—
 Till we plighted our hearts and hands:
 While the slow white waves, like a bridal veil,
 Crept over the gleaming sands.

But small was the fortune I could boast,
 And Cousin Jean had none;
 So it was agreed I should toil a while
 Where gold might yet be won.

¹ Links, in Scotch parlance, "sandy flat ground on the sea-shore, covered with bent-grass, furze," &c.; also, ground inclosed by the windings of a river, as at Perth, Stirling, and other places.

One light kiss on her tender cheek
To bar her gentle tears ;
One long clasp of the fast-locked hands,
Which might sunder, perhaps, for years ;

One glad smile on the care-worn face
Of her mother weak and lone ;
One warm thought in my eager breast,
While Jeanie was vowed my own ;

And away I sailed from St. Andrew's Bay
To many a distant shore,
In the North, where the glittering icebergs rise,
And the South, where the tempests roar.

And in all the lands I have known and seen,
Far over the restless main,
I have never yet met with so sweet a face
As that of my Cousin Jean.

So I still plod on, through the yearning days,
For my haven of peace and rest ;
Till the ship's white sail, like a seagull's wing,
Shall point to my rock-bound nest.

But beyond that patience which tries both hearts,
No bitterer thought can come,
For she knows I am true in the far-off lands,
And I know she is true at home.

And oft, in the comfort of happy dreams,
I see 'neath a summer sky,
The long green stretch of St. Andrew's Links,
And the sweet face passing by !

CAROLINE NORTON.

CHERUBINI.

THE popularity of a great composer too often bears no proportion to his real merits, especially when his place in the development of the art is greater than the impression produced by his works. This is eminently true of Cherubini. His long and laborious life exhibits some great successes, many disappointments, sometimes even struggles for the bare necessities of life, and yet he enjoyed the deepest and most lasting admiration from those who knew him best. Like very few composers, Cherubini was a man cast entirely in one mould, and the contradictions which often perplex us in other great original geniuses were completely wanting in him. His works and the qualities of his nature mutually reflect each other; and though this must always be more or less the case, it cannot often be so easily detected, nor is it always worth the trouble.

Maria Luigi Carlo Zenobi Salvatore Cherubini was born on the 8th of September, 1760, at Florence, where his father was conductor of the Pergola Theatre. As early as his sixth year Luigi began to study music, and at thirteen wrote his first mass. This mass, which must obviously have been preceded by many attempts of various dimensions, forms the first number in an autograph catalogue of his works,¹ which Cherubini carried on without in-

terruption through a period of almost seventy years—a document which in its extent stands quite alone in musical literature. He left Florence at the age of seventeen, and devoted himself for three years to hard work under Sarti at Bologna and Milan, where one of his objects was thoroughly to imbue himself with the pure style of Palestrina, and where Sarti employed him in writing the minor airs for his many operas. From this time Cherubini began to stand alone, and to compose for various Italian theatres, with great success. In Venice he went under the pleasant nickname of "Cherubini Cherubino." Half a century later, being anxious to know something of the early productions of so great a master, I asked him to lend me the scores of these operas, and he sent me two, accompanied by the following note:—"I send you my *Armida* and *Adriano in Siria*; the one is the second, and the other the third of my works for the Italian stage. I fear these scores will not interest you much, for they are the productions of a mere lad fresh from school, and written in the style then in vogue. If the first one does not please you, leave the other unread." I read them through, and my impression, as far as I remember, was that there was nothing of the schoolboy about them, but on the contrary, all the marks of a most able pen. But they certainly have a strong likeness to the other *opere serie* of the time, which were all, German and Italian, very much alike.

After a short stay in London, which apparently did not answer his expectations, Cherubini went to Paris in 1786, and there he remained for the rest of his life. There he played the piano to Marie Antoinette, and there he was director of the Conservatoire under Louis Philippe. He wrote hymns for

¹ The title of this remarkable catalogue, now become rare, is as follows:—"Notice des Manuscrits autographes de la musique composée par feu M. L. C. Z. S. Cherubini, Surintendant de la Musique du Roi, Directeur du Conservatoire de Musique, &c. &c. Paris, 1843." It was edited by M. Bottée de Toulmon, Librarian of the Conservatoire. Mozart, as is well known, kept an autograph thematic catalogue of his works during the latter part of his life, but that extends over only six years and a half, while Cherubini's catalogue embraces his whole career.—Ed.

the *fêtes* of the Revolution, and a requiem for the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. He displeased Napoleon, and perhaps for that very reason was decorated by the Bourbons. He saw with his own eyes the triumphs of Grétry and Meyerbeer, Spontini and Rossini. On his arrival from Vienna in 1805 he introduced Hummel's works into Paris, and in 1830 showed such kindness to a pupil of Hummel's, then a young man, as he can never forget. But the political revolutions which agitated France during the long period of Cherubini's residence there, affected him only in his outward circumstances, or the musical demands made on him. He was probably too much of an Italian at heart to take any real interest in the struggles that were carried on around him; perhaps also he hesitated to push himself forward where he could do no good. He was too proud and too independent to attempt to succeed by other means than those which his heart and his genius permitted; indeed he treated the most powerful man of that century with a *brusque* straightforwardness for which he had to pay dearly.

Cherubini's life as a composer may be broadly divided into three epochs. In the first, he devoted himself to Italian opera; in the second, to French; and in the last almost exclusively to Church music. It must not be supposed that these periods succeeded one another with the definiteness of school lessons. For instance, his connection with an Italian opera house, established in Paris in 1789, obliged him to occupy himself a great deal with the works performed there, either in the way of satisfying the demands of the singers, or in introducing new songs into old operas to give them fresh attraction. Several thick volumes of Italian solos and choruses written for this purpose, are still in existence, and contain material enough for whole operas. But it was at this very time that the characteristics of his second style or period were ripening. In 1791, after *Demophon*—a first unsuccessful attempt at French opera—*Lodoiska* was produced at the

newly-erected Théâtre Favart, and laid the foundation of Cherubini's great name, and of an influence which remains to this day, though some of its results would hardly be satisfactory to their author. But it is the fate of great poets and artists that, sooner or later, their peculiarities of style become imitated and viciously exaggerated—a Nemesis from which even the very greatest cannot escape.

In the course of the next ten years *Lodoiska* was followed by other dramatic works, the most important and famous of which were *Medée* and *Les deux Journées*. Great as was their success in Paris, it has been more lasting in Germany.¹ The peculiar stamp of these operas is their grand construction, the freedom and boldness of the harmonies, the interesting and independent treatment of the orchestra, and the delicate characteristic and dramatic manner in which the individual instruments of the band are brought out.

At the time when Cherubini began to write, opéra had attained a very important position both in France and Italy, though by different means. Paris was the birthplace of those clever, dramatic, exciting vaudevilles, full of melody, naïve and piquant, which became so widely popular on this side of the Alps. And of all the French composers who, knowing but little harmony or instrumentation, produced so much graceful and pleasing music, by their great originality of invention and their intuitive feeling for the stage, Grétry was the first. At the same time, in Italy, Paësiello and Cimarosa, and other less known Italians were enchanting the world by the charm of their vocal style. Composers and singers united in showing the enormous power which the human voice may exert on our feelings and senses when artistically cultivated and naturally used. Superior to the French in form and development, full of an inimitable *verve* in the *opera buffa*, and of

¹ In Germany *Les deux Journées* is known as *Der Wasserträger*. It was revived by Mr. Mapleson at Drury Lane in 1872; but without success.—Ed.

tender, often almost passionate, feeling in more serious music, their treatment of the orchestra, though not without independence, was extraordinarily simple. Gluck's position was isolated, and his influence was confined to the Grand Opéra. His wonderful dramatic genius enabled him to combine French declamation with Italian *cantilène* to a remarkable degree, and by occasionally enriching these with German harmonies, he produced the grandest effects. But he was not an absolute master of his art in the same sense with the great German composers, and he wanted both power of development and grandeur of construction. Mozart united all the great qualities; but at the period of which we are speaking, he had hardly made his mark even in his own country—certainly was not fully estimated there—while outside of Germany he was scarcely known. Realize this state of things, and the scores of *Lodoiska* and *Medée* are truly astonishing. They contain a wealth of characteristic themes, varying with the sense of the words, the characters and the changes of situation; and yet, in spite of all this life and movement, they constitute a style of music which is almost *architectural* in the beauty and clearness of its outlines. The harmonies and modulations, even when most unusual, develop themselves with the natural logical sequence and ease which always distinguish a great master, and seem actually and necessarily to proceed from the independent life of the separate parts, as they did with the old composers of the strict polyphonic style. To Cherubini are chiefly owing a great number of those effects which have been so much employed by the romantic school of Germany, and so much abused by less gifted writers; I mean the long-sustained harmonies carrying rhythmic figures—the “pedal points,” so called, which keep the hearer in suspense, until the return of the keynote acts like a release; the single sustained notes on the horn or clarinet, so exciting to the imagination; the mysterious resonance of some weird melody in the veiled lower strings of the violas;

the frequent pauses, producing effects only possible in music of this class—and so on. Musical historians are fond of saying that Cherubini took the Germans for his teachers and examples. My conviction is that the Germans learned far more from him than he did from them. In his clear and transparent treatment of the orchestra he may owe much to Haydn; his vivacity he may have caught from Mozart, whose greatest works were written only a few years before Cherubini's best operas. But the undeniable elective affinity which has always been recognised between Cherubini and Beethoven can only have been *elective* on the part of the latter in so far as there was not a natural affinity between the minds of two other men. We must remember that at the beginning of the present century, years after the appearance of *Lodoiska* and *Medée* (1791-95), Beethoven was still a young composer, and though his first trios and sonatas had given him a great position, he had written nothing in the way of opera. It is evident that in the composition of *Fidelio* Beethoven often borrowed the manner¹ of the great Italian, and he himself has acknowledged the fact with a frankness which does him honour.

It may be said that there is a great want of vitality in Cherubini's operas as compared with *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, or *Freischütz*; and in many respects even with Gluck's, though as lyric dramas these last are far behind Cherubini's. This is no doubt true, and there are many reasons for it, the most important being the simplest—namely, that Cherubini did not possess a sufficient flow of independent beautiful melody. No one can say that his music is not melodious; it is more correct to say that everything in it sings. But there is a great gulf between that melodious element which is the essential of every true musician, and the creation of melodies which take pos-

¹ A curious corroboration of this remark is afforded by a portion of one of Beethoven's sketch-books in possession of Mr. Joachim, which contains a memorandum of a terzett from the *Deux Journées*, mixed up with sketches for *Fidelio*.—Ed.

session of the memory and the imagination. Cherubini's characters are full of expression. They are tender, vehement, passionate, dignified; but the music can rarely be separated from the character, as independent melody, beautiful in itself—it is singing, but there are no songs. The framework so cleverly supplied by the orchestra incloses a picture which, though fitting it satisfactorily, is often of secondary importance to the frame. Gluck's *Iphigénie* lives for ever in her noble song of lamentation. We can never call to mind any of the characters in Mozart's operas without, so to speak, hearing the melodies which belong to them. Agatha's piety, love, and happiness live in the shrine of our remembrance like costly pearls; but Lodoiska and *Medée* never call up similar memories. Fétis (to whom I am indebted for much of this sketch) will not admit this deficiency in his friend. He maintains that the fault lies in the *libretti*, which certainly are very poor. He quotes a number of scenes full of beautiful melody, and instances especially Cherubini's most popular opera, *Les deux Journées*. But this is proving too much. Nobody affirms that Cherubini was not tuneful, while on the other hand no one can deny that a want of concrete melodies forms his weak point.

In fact, this is exactly the want which is felt in the splendid opera just mentioned, though in France, and still more in Germany, it has long delighted both musicians and amateurs, and will always hold an important place in the *répertoire* of French *Opéra comique*. The *libretto* is full of national colouring, and abounds in thrilling situations, two circumstances pre-eminently suited to bring Cherubini's powers into the brightest light, and to throw his weak points into the background. A few expressive and serious airs give a stamp to the popular characters. But the larger part of the drama affords opportunities for admirable *ensemble* pieces—passionate outbursts of joy and grief, defiant rage, timid entreaties. There

is a constant alternation of anxious expectation, sudden surprises, fear and hope, but hardly any opportunities for displaying a broad or melodious style.

By these situations, the whole force of the composer's talents and peculiar power was brought out, and is displayed in constant variety of instrumentation, short passionate vocal phrases, changes of rhythm, striking modulations, artistic combinations of instruments and voices, characteristic musical effects in the numerous melodramatic situations, and lastly—in spite of all this restless variety—in that wonderful mastery by which his works are made to form independent structures of such strength and clearness. And yet in the part of Constance, where we naturally look for a broad stream of melody flowing from the inmost depths of the feelings and imagination, as the expression of the same self-sacrificing conjugal love which is so nobly embodied in *Fidelio*, a few impassioned phrases are all that we find. This may possibly, as Fétis says, be the fault of the librettist; but neither in Cherubini himself, nor in anything that we know of his life, is there evidence of any overmastering amount of feeling. Excellent and honourable in all his dealings, and at the bottom of his heart not without an almost naïve good nature, even his most friendly words and actions were tinged with bitterness. He evidently felt no anxiety that either his music or his person should *please*. Clear in intelligence, and calm in judgment, he never softened the harshness of his remarks by any charm of expression. Like the sweet chestnut, even his good nature had a prickly shell. True, he was an old man when I knew him, but even from his earliest friends and most devoted pupils I never could gather that he possessed the depth of feeling which we naturally associate with a great composer. Great energy, strong force of will, and constant freshness in the smallest details, he always showed; but he seldom rose to a fiery heat, and we might with justice compare

his soul to a fire, always burning, but not easily kindled into a blaze.¹ If, as it seems to me, these traits to a certain extent explain the character of his music, they illustrate still more some of his prominent qualities—for example, his intense love of order, and that partiality for combinations by which his imagination must have been strongly controlled. To the first we may attribute his dislike to leaving a piece of music until he had given it the very utmost finish, a habit by which he often weakened the interest of his work, especially in dramatic music. Everything fragmentary was repugnant to him, and thus he was a complete stranger to that episodic style by which Beethoven obtained such great effects. His subjects seem almost like persons, richly endowed with light and life, and all the conditions of being, but never stepping out of their characteristic attitudes.—But we must now follow the outward circumstances of the life of our composer.

At the time when Cherubini was at the zenith of his fame, and when the most distinguished of his colleagues, Méhul, Bertin, Lesueur, and even Grétry himself, though most widely differing from him, were doing their best to copy the grandeur and peculiarities of his style, General Buonaparte returned to Paris from his Italian campaign. Cherubini, as one of the directors of the new Conservatoire, was introduced to him, and on this occasion the General spoke with enthusiasm of Paësiello and Zingarelli. Cherubini did not dispute the merits of the former, but repeated the name of the latter with contempt. "*Passé pour Paësiello; mais Zingarelli!*" This was the first cause of the future Emperor's aversion, an aversion which was destined to lead to serious consequences for Cherubini.

Buonaparte was then living in the Rue Taitbout, where he received celebrities of all kinds in a simple and hospitable style. Cherubini was one

¹ "Cherubini," said Mendelssohn, in 1825, "is like an extinct volcano throwing out occasional flashes and sparks, but quite covered with cinders."—Ed.

day invited to dinner. The General had meanwhile heard his operas, and spoke of them, again praising his beloved Paësiello. "Your music is very fine," said he, "but the accompaniment is too prominent—*il y a trop d'accompagnement.*" "*Citoyen-Général,*" was the reply, "*vous aimez la musique qui vous laisse penser à vos affaires d'état.*" Meantime Buonaparte became Consul, and afterwards Emperor; but poor Cherubini, in spite of the success of his music, remained as he was. In 1805, therefore, he accepted an advantageous invitation to write for the Imperial Opera at Vienna. His beautiful young wife accompanied him, and his opera of *Faniska* was still incomplete when Napoleon arrived, after executing a somewhat noisy symphony at Austerlitz. He resided at Schönbrunn, and hearing that Cherubini was in Vienna, sent for him, and commissioned him to organize and conduct some State concerts at the Court. At the close of the music the Emperor would often remain with him and Crescentini talking about art and artists. (I had these details from the lips of Cherubini himself.) "Your last opera has had great success!" said Napoleon, one evening. "It would not please you, Sire," answered Cherubini. "Why not?" asked the Emperor. "*Il y a trop d'accompagnement,*" was the answer, and it was the last which Cherubini ever had the opportunity of making, for the Emperor never spoke to him again.

In the spring of 1806 *Faniska* was performed in Vienna; it excited the admiration of the musicians, and met with much sympathy from the public; but the echoes of the French artillery, so fatal to *Fidelio* at its first performance, had a similar disturbing effect on Cherubini's opera. He broke off his engagement, and returned to Paris. His colleagues gave him a brilliant reception at the Conservatoire, and thereby perhaps helped to throw him into still greater disfavour with the Emperor. Napoleon loved to reward talent, but disliked seeing laurels bestowed where he had no wish to take

part in the gift. As if in pique, the great despot abandoned him to his fate, and offered Méhul the post of Imperial *maître de chapelle*. Méhul, being on intimate terms with Cherubini, who had dedicated the score of *Medée* to him, ventured to request that his friend might share the post with him; but upon this the Emperor withdrew his offer, and gave the place to Lesueur. Cherubini seems to have been deeply discouraged by this blow, and during several years hardly composed anything, but devoted himself to an occupation which was too characteristic not to be described. On entering his apartment a number of pictures of all sizes in frames might be observed hanging on the walls. Red and black spots were more or less prominent here and there, but a close examination was necessary to discover their connection. These pictures were the product of the strange gift for contrivance which at that time had become almost a mania with him. They contained the most fantastic figures, groups and scenes, made up of the hearts and diamonds on the cards, either whole or divided, as the case might be. There were dancers with red jackets, singers with red caps, buildings, landscapes with strange vegetation, the cards being used horizontally or perpendicularly, singly or collectively, with more or less of the spots erased. It was a pastime—perhaps even a waste of time. And yet this combination of invention and calculation, this satisfaction in self-imposed trammels was very curious, and it was impossible not to see in it a certain analogy with many of his musical combinations, where everything had to give way to some particular phrase, some long-sustained note or harmony. At that time he also greatly devoted himself to botany; and his wife has told me that for months he went to the *Jardin des Plantes* every day. Nature is the mother of mothers, and when her children are out of tune with themselves, they may always resort to her and find rest for their souls, and new courage for the battle of life.

A trifling circumstance led him back to his art. Being on a visit in the country to the Prince of Chimón, he was asked by the great people of the village to write some music to celebrate their saint's day. How gentle is the slumber of genius, and how slight a touch will arouse it! The result of this awakening was Cherubini's great Mass in F for three voices. Thus the internal spell was broken, and at the return of the Bourbons the external one also vanished. In the year 1816 Louis the Eighteenth placed him at the head of the Chapel Royal, and from that time dates the composition of those numerous sacred works which were to give him even more fame than his dramatic compositions had done. A new and empty style of Church music had at this time taken the place of the severe school of the old masters. The opera had introduced a great wealth of means of expression; the charm of vocal solos and orchestral accompaniments had become familiar and necessary. Moreover it was important that the great personages who paid for the music should not be bored during the time they thought proper to devote to God. On the other hand, composers were loth to break entirely with the artistic forms which were regarded as the peculiar property of sacred music. They thought it impossible to dispense altogether with fugues, as they considered them to be specially religious. They entirely forgot that in a sacred building the purest and deepest feelings should prevail. A certain comfortable, easy gaiety seems to have agreed very well with the services of the Church, as it does still, and this animated the style then in vogue. Thus the composers who adhered to the rules became dry, and those who wrote for effect almost frivolous. It is humiliating to think of the quantity of Church music written in the latter part of the last century and the first quarter of the present one, and consider how infinitely little of it remains above water. Mozart's *Requiem* is almost the only gem amongst a mass of trash. But from these musical rub-

bish-heaps, in which so many great masters are buried, Cherubini's works rise like the Pyramids. They show that he possessed all the requirements for artistic perfection, and could wield them as a second nature—individual inventive power, independent force, defiant will, comprehensive genius, and unmistakable cleverness. The severe studies to which he so steadily devoted himself in his youth now made themselves felt in every voice and every bar; while availing himself of all, the modern licenses in harmony, the spirit of his music retained a certain severity, which, like leaven, imparted a wholesome bitter to the composition. Even the necessity imposed upon him of keeping within certain limits was beneficial, by preventing him from yielding to his tendency to diffuseness. The want of that stream of melody which we regret in his dramatic works is hardly felt in those which he wrote for the Church, and for this reason, that a melody, when complete in itself, is peculiarly the utterance of an individual. When the situation demands that a *people* should give expression to its feelings, the prominent effect must be one of many voices; the individual must not be brought forward, the common feeling in its unity must be the product of the manifold source. A very evident feeling for higher things lay in Cherubini's nature; even if not always elevated, he is always dignified. He shows most feeling in pathetic situations, whilst in his vigorous force there is a sort of defiance, and in his happy moments he is sometimes almost too brilliant and showy. But the absence of anything commonplace and ordinary, the stamp of real genius which is everywhere imprinted, keeps the hearer in an elevated and intellectual sphere—if not always awed, yet deeply impressed. And therefore an objection can hardly be raised to the assertion that Cherubini is the greatest composer of sacred music in this century. Beethoven's *Missa Solennis* cannot be taken into consideration here. It is a dramatic-symphonic-oratorio of titanic structure, to which the words of

the mass serve as a sort of foundation; but its place is not in the church.

Besides his famous masses in F major and D minor, and the Coronation Mass for the consecration of Charles X., Cherubini wrote a large number of short sacred works. To shorten the service of the Chapel Royal, the priest generally said a silent mass, during which a *Gloria*, or *Kyrie*, with a *Credo* and a *Motet* were performed. An astonishing number of such pieces remain in the hands of Cherubini's family awaiting publication.

In speaking of Cherubini's sacred works, I must not forget one which may perhaps be called the most perfect of all—I mean his *Requiem* composed for the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. It is almost unique in music. Cherubini may not have attained to the unearthly beauty, or the depth of thought and feeling, which we find in some of the movements of Mozart's *Requiem*. But Mozart's was, as we know, not completed by its divine author; all its parts are not equally elevated, and the style is wanting in that perfect unity which gives even less happy ideas their due prominence. In Cherubini's work it seems as if everything, as far as the words permit, were developed out of the eternal human lament, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." What earnest supplication, what depth of lamentation, what fear of the Last Judgment! And how, at the close, life seems to dissolve in one long-drawn sigh! In the fugue on the words recalling the promise to Abraham and his seed, the daring contrapuntist awakes, and not only asserts his rights, but persistently demands them; and the episode was perhaps necessary, that the effect of the work might not be too crushing. This great composition is truly astonishing for the simplicity of the means employed, the colour in the orchestra, and the purely vocal treatment of the voices. Had Cherubini left nothing else, it alone would suffice to make every true musician look up to him as one of the most extraordinary and sublime of masters.

In the autumn of 1834 Bellini had been snatched away from his numerous friends, and in the following winter I one day found Cherubini at work on a large score. On my humbly inquiring what the contents of it were, the aged master replied: "After Bellini's death it was proposed to perform a requiem to him in the Madeleine, but the priests would admit no female singers, and thereby caused great annoyance. I do not wish the same thing to happen at my death, so I am writing a requiem for men's voices—and then they will not have occasion to quarrel on my account at least." The work was completed and published, and eight years later was performed according to the composer's intention. It ranks far beneath the first requiem, but considering that it is the work of a man of seventy-five it is impossible to read the score without astonishment.

Since the composition of the *Abencerrages* in 1813—when the opera was coldly received, though the overture has become popular in German and English concert-rooms—Cherubini had occasionally joined other composers in *pasticcio* operas for special occasions, but had virtually renounced the stage. But he was to be once more dragged from his peaceful retreat in the Conservatoire. Scribe had written a new *libretto* to the music of *Koukourgi*, an opera which Cherubini composed as early as 1793, but which had remained in his desk ever since. The librettist fancied that he had only to suit his new words to the old music; but Cherubini wrote an almost entirely fresh score, which, under the name of *Ali Baba*, was performed in the summer of 1833. It had, however, no success. This was during my stay in France, though I happened to be absent from Paris at the time. On my return Rossini spoke about it to me, and said: "Poor Cherubini, how they murdered his lovely score! how they cut it and mutilated it! his heart must have turned round in his body!" Thus terminated this branch of Cherubini's musical activity. In his twentieth year he brought out the first of his

thirty operas, in his seventy-third the last—and how many of them in vain!

Though Cherubini's orchestral works are not very numerous, and most of them connected with operas, they were of vast importance to the development of modern instrumental music. Where amongst the composers who preceded him do we find orchestral movements equal in power, passion, feeling, and rhythmical life to the overture and entr'actes to *Medée*? or an overture to be compared to that of *Les deux Journées*? Hauptmann has told us of the effect produced on him by the first part of this overture, and how much its mysterious harmonies, the bold attack of the basses, and the exciting *crescendo* which lead into the *allegro*, affected him. It has been copied and exaggerated a thousand times since, but is still full of freshness and vigour, like every really great and original work. In these works, Cherubini (to use a now favourite expression) is the forefather of Beethoven, Weber, Schumann, and Wagner. His other overtures hold their place in concert programmes, and are for the most part genuine cabinet-pieces, cleverly constructed on lively, interesting, and well-developed themes. But none of them have the melody and fire of the two just mentioned; and though to the musician they will always remain a fresh source of inspiration and instruction, on the general public they produce but a faint impression.¹

Cherubini's chamber music is not of great importance, but still it is worthy of himself, and the first of his string quartets—written at the age of fifty—contains much that is delicate and piquant. The *schero* has even a touch of Mendelssohn about it. It was composed in 1810, though not published till long after Mendelssohn's most characteristic works had appeared. When I left Paris in 1836 Cherubini

¹ An exception to this judgment should surely be made in favour of the overture to *Anacréon*, which in England is the greatest favourite of all; and perhaps not undeservedly so.—Ed.

was writing a string quintet, and told me with perfect simplicity that he meant to write half a dozen more. Writing to me on November 22, 1837, he says, "I have just finished my sixth quartet, and a quintet. *Cela m'occupe et cela m'amuse, car je n'y mets pas la moindre prétention.*" The quintet was performed in his own house when he was seventy-eight, and greatly astonished the artists of Paris.

When I arrived in Paris as a youth of seventeen the thing I felt most eager about was to see Cherubini. I had a letter of introduction to him from my master Hummel, and imagined that I should be as greatly impressed by his appearance as I had been by his works. I was therefore a little disappointed on entering his study to find him a small lean man. But the disappointment was only momentary. There was a penetrating gleam in the old man's eye, white locks surrounded his comparatively lofty head, and his features, though somewhat impaired by age, still bore traces of almost regular beauty. His general appearance gave one more the impression of a distinguished statesman than of a musical composer. This may be seen in Ingres' noble portrait, which seems not so much painted as actually chiselled in colours, and which has preserved the face of Cherubini with remarkable truthfulness. His voice had a touch of dryness, and even when he was in the best humour sounded angry and even surly. Strangely enough though he had lived in Paris for fifty years his pronunciation of French had not lost certain Italian peculiarities. His conversation was full of vivacity, interspersed with short, cutting sentences, often thrown out in an ironical manner; his remarks were generally to the point, and he thoroughly understood the virtue of silence. At the time I speak of Cherubini was at the head of the Conservatoire, after having for a number of years been one of its inspectors and professors. His earnestness and conscientiousness gave a severity to his rule which is said to have been

very beneficial, the institution having before his time considerably deteriorated. He held tenaciously to the letter of the law, and his usual answer—*Ca ne se peut pas* ("that cannot be allowed") had almost become proverbial. Very early in our acquaintance, however, I had an opportunity of discovering that under this repellent manner he had a feeling heart. I had asked leave to take home a couple of volumes from the library of the Conservatoire, and received the answer—*Ca ne se peut pas; c'est défendu.* It was no use insisting, so I changed the conversation, but as I was taking leave he said: "What was it that you wanted to borrow from our library?" And when I answered that it was a volume of Palestrina's *Motets*, the old man replied in an almost confidential tone, "I shall send for them for myself, and then you shall have them."

When my dear mother afterwards removed to Paris and became a member of his whist-quartet, my relations with him and his family grew very intimate. A kindness which he showed me only a few hours before my departure from Paris, and more especially the manner in which he showed it, were too characteristic not to be mentioned. I had begged him to bequeath me one of his manuscripts. On my last Sunday in Paris he invited me to join his family dinner, and before we sat down he presented me with two scores, begging me to choose one. Without looking much into them I seized the thickest, and was about to pocket it, when the well-known *Ca ne se peut pas* sounded in my ears. It seems that these manuscripts had their appointed places, according to number and letter, in his library, and could not upon any condition be withdrawn. However, on the following Tuesday I received a copy of the score I had chosen (a beautiful *Agnus Dei*), which the indefatigable old man had accomplished in the two days, with a trembling hand, but the utmost clearness and neatness. Some letters which I afterwards received from

him are written in terms of such tender kindness that it is impossible to recognise in them the stern Director with his *Ça ne se peut pas*. I feel certain that he could not have brought himself to use such expressions except in writing.

An incident of his last illness shows a love of order so great as to be almost monomania. His handkerchiefs were marked with consecutive numbers, and he used them accordingly. As he lay on his deathbed, with the cold sweat on his brow, some one gave him a clean handkerchief, which unluckily did not happen to be the right one, and he at once refused it, and asked for number seven! He showed the same defiance to the king of terrors that he had manifested towards the Emperor, and cried out again and again, *Ça ne veut pas mourir*; but it was in vain; he died on the 15th March, 1842, in his eighty-second year.

Cherubini's manner of life at the time I knew him was extremely simple and regular. Every morning between nine and ten he entered the Conservatoire, which was only a few steps from his residence. He had a large room, with an anteroom separating him by double and triple doors from the noise of the fiddles, pianos, and horns of the pupils. There he sat the whole day at a table with writing materials and music paper, and generally his snuff-box, receiving every one who asked for him, and working whenever he was alone. Regularly every Saturday he attended the meeting of the musical section of the *Académie des Arts*. In the evening he usually played whist with characteristic earnestness and ardour. I do not think that he read much. He used to attend the first performances and even rehearsals of new operas, especially those of his friends or pupils; went regularly to all the Conservatoire concerts, and presided with the most patient endurance at the endless examinations of the students. Halévy, who had been one of his favourite pupils, became his most intimate friend. Cherubini treated him with marked kindness, which did not

prevent an occasional unpleasant home truth. On one occasion, for instance, at the first performance of a new opera of Halévy's, he remained perfectly dumb during more than one act, until at last Halévy burst out with, "But, *maestro*, have you nothing to say to me?" To which the answer was: "I say nothing to you because you say nothing to me." After I had been some weeks in Paris, and was still full of well-meant, conscientious, unjustifiable German exclusiveness, I one day saw Cherubini and Rossini, the musical antipodes, walking arm in arm on the Boulevards. I was simply stunned with surprise at an event which seemed to me so inconceivably unnatural and even fabulous. But the explanation was not far off, for the two famous composers lived on the most friendly terms, and Rossini afterwards boasted to me of having been the happy mediator in the marriage of Cherubini's younger daughter.

The mention of this beautiful and charming girl reminds me that I have said too little of Cherubini's family. His wife, a stately and wise matron, who bore unmistakable traces of former beauty, must have had more influence on him than appeared to be the case, at least in everything which concerned his domestic life. According to French custom she always spoke of him as "Monsieur Cherubini," but with the greatest tenderness. The eldest daughter, married to a French officer of the name of Turques, was a most lively and active woman, and had a lovely little daughter. She had many interesting details to tell about her father. "Here, in this room," she said to me one day, "papa wrote *Les deux Journées*. He sat at a little table in the window, and there in the corner by the wall I played with my companions. Beyond a certain fixed line we might not go, but within that space we might make as much noise as we liked." Thus it seems that all that Cherubini required in the way of quiet during his work was that nobody should come too near him! His only son Salvador, a handsome, agree-

able, and accomplished man, had been to Egypt when a boy and had assisted the famous Champollion in deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics. He was devoted to his father. The youngest daughter married Professor Rossellini, the celebrated archaeologist of Pisa, after which I had few opportunities of seeing her in the family circle in Paris, but I shall never forget witnessing the first performance of Rossini's *William Tell* in the same box with her.

Though active and occupied up to the very last, Cherubini seems always to have devoted his spare time at home to rest or distraction of some sort. On Sundays he collected his family and a few friends around him at dinner, and evidently enjoyed the meetings, though seldom expressing his feelings. His fatherly affection showed itself in the excellent education which he gave his children. Amongst his papers is a book in which he had kept an accurate account of all the expenses incurred for his children since their birth. There was a separate division for each child, and the whole book was kept with beautiful neatness. This painful precision extended to every detail connected with himself, his art, and his family. During his many years of office at the Conservatoire he wrote a number of solfeggi, figured basses, melodies, and movements in parts, for the lessons and examinations, which either in print or manuscript have become generally diffused. But this was the least part of his work as teacher, for in that capacity he holds a peculiar place in the history of music in France. He was the first to introduce into Paris the real serious science of composition, and the skill which so essentially distinguishes the French composers of this century from their predecessors is chiefly due to him. Even those who were not actually under his teaching (as for instance Boieldieu) learned much from him; and Spontini could hardly have managed to accomplish the instrumentation of the *Vestale* but for his help. The parts of it had been twice copied out, but still the opera would not

go, and at last the composer had to take refuge with Cherubini. The bill for so much copying amounted to a most unusual sum, and Napoleon, who always looked into everything, thought it so absurd, that he decreed that the cost of copying an opera was never to exceed a certain amount. Cherubini, who might always be believed, told me this himself.

Eleven years after the death of this good and great man, it was my good fortune to enjoy what seemed almost like a personal re-union with him. His widow allowed me to spend half-a-day in his study, where his manuscripts were preserved in the same order as during his lifetime. I wrote an article about my visit, at the time, for the Cologne paper, which has since been republished;¹ but I cannot resist recalling one or two of the circumstances. Amongst other things I found a number of thick volumes, containing copies in his own hand of Psalms by Clari, Lotti, and Marcello. He made these at the age of sixty, and when his wife objected to such labour, he answered, "What do you women know about it? As if one had not always to go on learning!" Then there was a little book, which in beauty of handwriting was like one of the most finished old manuscripts, and which contained a collection of sixty canons of his own composition. It is curiously characteristic that at the end of his scores for the Chapel Royal he should have carefully noted down with painful exactness, to *half*, and *even a quarter of a minute*, the time which they occupied! Then, again, there was a leaf in his own writing, belonging to, and completing, a collection of autographs dedicated to the French opera composers. The treasures collected in his library are so priceless, that it seems as if no one were capable of buying them. To the best of my belief they are still in the hands of his descendants, and yet they might adorn and enrich the greatest National Library. About ten years ago, the Florentines raised a splendid monument to their famous countryman, at Santa Croce, the Pantheon of Italy; and

¹ See "Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit."

Cherubini's name now shines near those of Dante, Michel Angelo, and Galileo. Whether during his lifetime a single note of his was ever performed¹ in that splendid city, is extremely doubtful. But the national pride which causes men to do honour to their fellow-countrymen after their death, or rather to themselves in their fellow-countrymen, has occasionally the good result of promoting the knowledge and understanding of their works. Let us hope that this may be the case here.

¹ I saw in Florence, in 1869, in the hands of Madame Loussot, a well-known musical enthusiast, a collection of canons by Cherubini, which, I think, must be those mentioned above.—ED.

After thus endeavouring to give a picture of a composer whom every cultivated musician must look up to with reverence, I feel overcome with the sense of the imperfect manner in which I have accomplished my task. The individuality of the great master is clear to my inner vision—I believe that I can follow the traces of his active, clear, sharp, and ingenious mind, and I can understand the varying pulsations of his inmost feelings, up to the secret recesses of creative fancy. But it is always difficult to express what is best and deepest—in music, especially, it is a sheer impossibility.

FERDINAND HILLER.

"ETON THIRTY YEARS AGO."

To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the article on "Eton Thirty Years Ago," by John Delaware Lewis, in your last number; but although my own experience only dates about twenty-three years since, perhaps you will allow me to make a few remarks, and also to correct a slight mistake in the narration of an incident in which, if I am not mistaken, I myself am personally, although not by name, alluded to. I should not have taken any notice of the anecdote, which in the main is tolerably correct, if I had not seen a so-called *corrected*, but in reality *garbled*, version of the tale in the weekly periodical the *World*, by a correspondent signing himself "Atlas," and which I here subjoin:—

"*Apròpos* of a notice in the last number of the *World* of Mr. Lewis's objectionable article in *Macmillan* on Eton—the story which that gentleman tells of Dr. Goodford flogging a boy on the eve of his marriage is, unless my memory serves me strangely wrong, a total misrepresentation. The facts, I believe, were these: A lady lived in Windsor, with whose exceedingly handsome daughter an Eton boy—the names I suppress—fell, or fancied he fell, as schoolboys will, in love. The mamma promoted the attachment, or encouraged the delusion. In point of fact, the juvenile Etonian was virtually 'hooked.' It was clearly the duty of the head-master to hinder this. Whether he took the most advisable method of doing so may be open to question. The desired effect was produced; the boy was laughed at by his schoolmates for his folly, and quizzed for his flogging. As for the young lady, she married Marshal Canrobert, is now Madame la Maréchale Canrobert, and has probably thanked

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Dr. Goodford devoutly many times for the vapulatory check he administered to the passion of her girlhood's admirer.—ATLAS."—*The World, a Journal for Men and Women*, No. 45, Wednesday, May 12, 1875.

Seeing the above paragraph quoted in a Dublin daily paper, by accident, my attention was attracted by the present name of the young lady being very needlessly introduced, whilst the share which the mother of the said lady is ignorantly supposed by "Atlas" to have taken in the matter is also unwarrantably commented on.

Now as to the slight corrections to Mr. Lewis's narrative, which are only such as might be naturally expected in telling a tale second-hand from memory, although they do not in the slightest degree alter the moral of the incident.

The facts were as follows:—Nearly nineteen years ago a young Eton boy, of eighteen (not *twenty*) years, had set his boyish affections on a young lady resident in Windsor, the sister of a brother Etonian; but this boyish love had never been expressed, and therefore Mr. Lewis's informant, "the Fellow of King's and an Eton tutor," is mistaken in asserting that they, the boy and girl, were *engaged*. I have yet to learn that such juvenile passion, if it can be so called, is or was ever discreditable, or against the unwritten code of Eton laws.

The boy being invited to a dance at Old Windsor, to a house where he made certain of meeting the object of his devotions, tried in vain to obtain leave after *lock-up*, in order to assist at the evening's entertainment. Failing to obtain the requisite permission the adventurous and reckless boy, with his eyes wide

open to the punishment incurred if caught, resolved to attend, and did so; and, after thoroughly enjoying himself, he re-entered his *dame's* precincts with the aid of a friendly ladder obtained in the Mathematical School, and regained his room in fancied security. It is hardly necessary to add that "the father-in-law that was to be" did *not* undertake to explain matters to the authorities the next morning, for the very good reason that no such father-in-law existed.

Unfortunately for the delinquent, his presence at the ball had been notified to the tutor who had refused leave, and no choice remained but to atone for the breach of the school discipline by a most ordinary flogging, at noon, if I mistake not.

Another lad higher in the school was flogged at the same time or the same day, for a slight offence, if I mistake not; but nineteen years is apt to

make the most retentive mind slightly oblivious.

Of one thing I am certain, that the juvenile lover would have undergone several such floggings for one such evening's pleasure.

Mr. Lewis's informant, however, does "add" what is *incorrect*; for the young man within several years, not months, afterwards was *not* married.

Has Mr. Lewis heard of, and can he corroborate, a story which was rife in my days, of the then Marquis of Waterford, of "Spring-heel-Jack" renown, capturing the flogging "block" in the days of Hawtrey, and practically exhibiting the mode of punishment in some London Club on the person of one who rejoiced in the *sobriquet* of "Tallow W——?" I could never learn the real truth or origin of this story.

Yours obediently,

"THE BOY WHO WAS FLOGGED,"

NOW A CAPT. R.A.

PORTOBELLO BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

ZANZIBAR A COMMERCIAL POWER.

ON a former occasion,¹ in tracing the political history of the Omāni Seyyids of Zanzibar, we described some of the steps which led to the re-establishment of an independent Arab power in Eastern Africa. We now propose to briefly note the process by which that coast promises once more to take its place among the most important regions of the commercial world.

We have already alluded to the ancient trade which was carried on by Phœnicians, Arabs and Hindus with Eastern Africa, probably from times long before the joint expeditions which Hiram of Tyre and King Solomon sent from Ezion-Geber to those seas. Since Heeren wrote, much light has been thrown on the subject by a number of scattered facts, some of which will be found collected by Colonel Yule² in his invaluable notes on Marco Polo. Others are only too briefly alluded to in Dr. Mullens's most interesting description of Madagascar.³ But for a minute and faithful picture of East Africa as the early Portuguese found it, we cannot do better than refer to Lord Stanley of Alderley's "Three Voyages of Vasco da Gama."⁴

The Chronicle abounds in vivid and evidently truthful descriptions of the flourishing kingdoms and extensive long-established commerce which the Portuguese found. But no native power was

any match for the armoured warriors, well furnished with firearms and heavy artillery, who year by year left Portugal bent on eastern conquest. They speedily subdued the whole East African coast, and from the ruins still to be seen of strong forts and stately churches it is clear that at the outset they had imperial ideas of how to 'rule, and ample revenues; whilst the total disappearance of the Portuguese power from most parts, and the ruin and desolation of what remains, show how vicious and incapable must have been the rulers of later days.

For more than two centuries the Portuguese were little troubled by European rivals in their East African empire. Buccaneers might occasionally harass their commerce and threaten their settlements; but the regular traders and men-of-war, English or Dutch, passed on from the Cape of Good Hope to India and China, and if they took the "inner passage" up the Mozambique Channel, they made for the Comoro Islands and rested at Johanna, and then stood before the trade winds across to the Indian coast. The French often meditated the conquest of Madagascar, but made no efforts to obtain a footing on the mainland of Africa. Nor was the Portuguese dominion confined to Africa. For nearly a century and a half they had possession of Muscat and the Coast of Omān, and of some of the most valuable ports in the Persian Gulf. At Muscat the walls of the Portuguese cathedral are still standing as a warehouse; the Governor's palace, though roofless, bears testimony to the magnificence in which the Portuguese rulers lived, many parts of the forts around the town show by inscriptions and coats of arms that they were built by the Portuguese, and a small but beautiful chapel still crowns a tower at the top of a rock overlooking the landing-place in front of the Sultan's palace.

¹ Vide *Macmillan's Magazine*, June 1875, pp. 183 to 192.

² Marco Polo. Translated, with notes, by Colonel Yule. 2 vols. Second Edition. 1875. (Murray.)

³ Twelve Months in Madagascar. By J. Mullens, D.D. 1875, pp. 173 to 187.

⁴ The Three Voyages of Vasco da Gama. Translated, with notes, &c., from the *Lendas da India* of Gaspar Corvea. By the Hon. H. E. J. Stanley. (Hakluyt Society, 1869.) Whilst thanking the Hakluyt Society for having placed the work within reach of the English reader, we cannot but lament that a work of such varied interest should not be accessible to the general public.

We must refer to Dr. Badger's pages for the romantic details of the expulsion of the Portuguese from Muscat about A.D. 1651-2 (pp. xxvi. and xxvii.; 78-87.) How the love of Pereira, the Portuguese commandant, for the beautiful daughter of the chief Hindoo merchant, caused her father treacherously to aid the Arab besiegers. How they attacked the garrison on Sunday, when many of the defenders were "reeling drunk," and captured the impregnable forts despite the gallant resistance of "a famous warrior named Cabreta;" and how the victorious Imâm organized a *Jihad*, or holy war, against the "beardless Polytheists" in India, and for many years aided the Muslims of Guzerat and the Malabar coast in attacks on the Portuguese strongholds.

The war was doubtless extended to the coast of Eastern Africa, for we read that about A.D. 1698, Imâm Seif, surnamed from his severity "the Scourge," expelled the Portuguese from Mombassah, Pemba, Kilwa, and other places on the east coast. Seif is described as having possessed many ships, one of them carrying 80 guns, "each gun measuring three spans at the breech;" and it is clear, from the details given, that the Omâni Arabs were then and had long been a considerable naval power. Captain Alexander Hamilton, who travelled from 1688 to 1723, as quoted by Colonel Ross, says that "in anno 1715" the Imâm's fleet consisted of one ship of 74 guns, two of 60, one of 50, and eighteen of from 32 to 12 guns, besides rowing vessels of from 4 to 8 guns each. "They have often made descents on the Portuguese colonies on the coast of India, destroying their villages and farms, but spare the churches for better reasons than we can give for plundering them. They kill none in cold blood, but use their captives courteously." And he relates how in 1695 they plundered and burnt Barsalore and Mangalore "two of the best and richest towns" of "the Carnatic Rajah, a potent, princely lord."

In A.D. 1741 the Imâmâte of Omân

passed for the first time into the family of our present guest, the Sultan of Zanzibar, by the election of Ahmed-bin-Sa'id. He is described as a successful merchant, whose judicious and liberal policy had given him great influence, which he used to unite his countrymen against Persian intruders. His bravery and success in war led to his election as Imâm, and he soon distinguished himself by his wisdom in regulating the financial, judicial, and fiscal departments of the administration, and by his liberality to foreign traders. He was succeeded by two of his sons, of whom Sultân was the ablest, and ultimately acquired the power without the title of Imâm.

The first treaty made with the Seyyid Sultân as ruler of Omân by the English East India Company was in 1798. Its object was to secure his alliance against the French and Dutch, and to obtain leave to establish a British factory and garrison at Gambroon or Bunder-el-Abbâs. Two years later, on the 18th of January, 1800, Captain, afterwards Sir John Malcolm, executed a second treaty with Sultân, providing for the residence of an English agent at Muscat; and during the next two years the Wahhabis made their first great successful inroad into Omân, an event which will long be an era in Arab history.

The chapter of Dr. Badger's history which describes the compulsory visit of a learned Omâni to the Wahhâby capital, and his examination there by the Amîr and his fanatical theologian assessors, is worthy of perusal even after the vivid and picturesque descriptions of Mr. Gifford Palgrave, which have made these Muslim Puritan reformers and their tenets so well known to all modern readers of Arabian travel. It fully justifies the definition of Wahhabeism as "a politico-religious confederation which legalizes the indiscriminate plunder and thralldom of all peoples, Muslim as well as unbelievers, beyond its own pale."

A second invasion of the Wahhabis had been repulsed by Sultân, and he was returning from a visit to Bussorah,

when he was killed, on the 20th of November, 1804, in an accidental encounter with pirates from Cape Mus-sandim, at the entrance of the Persian Gulf.

He was succeeded by his sons Sâlim and Sa'id, as joint regents. The two brothers acted together with a rare unanimity and fidelity to each other till the death of Sâlim in 1821, from which time till his own death in 1856 Sa'id, the father of our present visitor, ruled alone, in Muscat and Zanzibar. He was known to his subjects as "*the* Seyyid (or Lord) Sa'id," and to Europeans as the "Sultan" or "Imâm" of Muscat and Zanzibar, though he himself never assumed either title.

Throughout Seyyid Sa'id's long and chequered reign, the Wahhabis were a constant source of disquiet. Formidable for their numbers, their fanatical courage, and their belief in the paramount duty of propagating their faith by every resource of force or fraud, they were yet more dreaded for the insidious manner in which their tenets spread among the tribes bordering on Nedj. Twice during that time the military genius of Ibraheem Pacha and the disciplined prowess of his Egyptian troops gave quiet to Omân by a crushing defeat of the Wahhabis, and after the Egyptian occupation of their capital the Wahhabis for nearly twenty years ceased seriously to trouble their neighbours. Nevertheless, at the death of Sa'id they were as formidable as ever, and at this moment, whilst holding in check the Turkish forces on the north and west of Nedj, they threaten the peace of Omân more gravely than at the beginning of the century.

Sa'id's friendship with the English, and the favour and protection he extended to merchants of all nations, were conspicuous features of his as they had been of his father's policy. The main object of our first treaties with him was to secure the line of regular overland communication *via* Constantinople, Bagdad, and the Persian Gulf, which was so valuable to us during the whole of the French revolutionary wars. Not

less important was the suppression of piracy in the Arabian Seas.

The break-up of the Mogul power in India, the decay of the Turkish and Persian empires, and the total disappearance of their navies from Eastern waters, had led to a vast development of piracy on every coast from the Red Sea to Ceylon. The seafaring people of the East have always been more or less addicted to sea roving. Early travellers tell of many quaint customs which mark oriental piracy, as being like the Greek and Norse piracy of old, much more of a regular recognized profession than it has been in modern days in the West.

The large fleets, which in regular order and with concerted signals along an extended line of vessels, swept the seas; the immunity granted to merchants sailing to or from the pirate port; the discrimination and discipline which allowed the sea robbers to take cargo, but not the ship's tackling, and forbade the personal ill-treatment of both shipmen and merchants who had surrendered, grounding the favour shown on the assurance that "if not disabled by ill-usage the merchantman would be again captured in some future year, and reward their captors with more booty;" the religious thanksgiving for a rich capture; the regular division of prizes between the ships engaged, and the allotment of fixed shares to the ruler and magistrates of the pirate port, and to shrines and religious bodies near the sea rovers' home; these and many other similar customs indicate that piracy was, at least in popular estimation, neither disreputable nor illegal, and that the belief that "Providence sent merchantmen, as shoals of fish were sent, to reward honest toilers on the sea," was not confined to the descendant of Arrian's *Ichthyophagi*, who, when fishing was slack, or not in season, took a turn at sea roving.

But this sort of theory could be put in practice only when the merchants were unwarlike Hindoos committing their ventures to vessels which sought to elude the pirates rather than fight

them. When the traders appeared in large square-rigged vessels amply furnished with large ordnance and crowded with well-armed stout sailors, Portuguese or French, Dutchmen or English, the eastern pirates found that they had a very different kind of customers to deal with, and not unfrequently the tables were turned, and the Christian strangers not only defended successfully their own trade, but retaliated with piracy and buccaneering on their own account, showing little remorse or discrimination as long as the sufferers were unbelievers or idolaters.

As the English power became paramount in India, somewhat more of law and order was introduced, and the safety of the seas became a matter of public concern to the Government. A well armed fighting marine was organized with its head-quarters at Bombay, and for nearly a century—as the “Bombay Marine,” subsequently called the “Indian Navy”—did excellent, and often brilliant, service both in the Arabian waters and among the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. In the former seas community of interest gave the English useful allies in the Omāni navy. The Imāms protected trade, and the Indian merchants trading between India, Arabia, and Africa had ever found safe refuge and favour in the sea-ports of Omān.

The task of suppressing piracy would have been easier but for the support which the pirates received from the Wahhabis. The southern shores of the Persian Gulf have always been the great stronghold of Arab piracy. The coast is most intricate and dangerous to approach, owing to numerous coral reefs, the channels between which offer no safe access save to the most experienced of local pilots. The inhabitants of the coast, separated into many independent tribes, divided their time between fighting and fishing, combining whenever they could all these occupations and uniting only for distant enterprises of sea roving, or to repel any stranger that might meddle with them.

Inland from this coast lay Nedj, the home and stronghold of Wahhabeeism, the most notable revival of Islam in the last and present century. The practical doctrine of the Muslim reformer—that the persons and goods of all unbelievers were the divinely-appointed lawful spoil of the faithful, and that all who had lapsed from the primitive purity of the faith—Sunnis, or Shīaās, and Ibādiyah alike, all, in fact, except true Wahhabis—were worse than infidels, and were to be slaughtered, enslaved, and plundered as a religious duty—this teaching found willing disciples on what is emphatically called the “pirate coast,” and its effects were speedily visible in the increased ferocity with which the pirates fought and which they displayed in their treatment of the unhappy captives who fell into their hands. Instigated by the Wahhabis, the Joasmees, or people of El Kawāsim, a tribe on the south coast of the Persian Gulf, had been most daring in their piracies on the western coast of India. An expedition was sent by the English Government from Bombay to co-operate with Seyyid Sa’id in punishing them. The town of Ras-el-Khaimar was bombarded on the 12th November, 1809, stormed the next day, the chief made prisoner, a large number of piratical vessels burnt, and much booty carried off. This was the first instance of armed intervention by the British in the affairs of Omān. The combined forces were equally successful in the following month in recapturing the fort of Shīnas, north of Muscat, which had fallen to the Wahhabis.

After this the English force was recalled. The Supreme Government of India, we are told, was unwilling to be committed to an indefinite contest with the Wahhabis. Seyyid Sa’id appealed in vain for further aid, and was obliged to buy off the invaders with “a present” of 40,000 dollars, and would probably have suffered further at their hands had not the operations of the Egyptian troops in their campaigns against the Wahhabis in 1813 to 1819, the occupation and destruction of their

capital, and the execution of their Amir Abdallah at Constantinople, given for the time an effectual check to the aggressions of the fanatics of Nedj.

A second expedition against the piratical tribes in the Persian Gulf was however, organised by the Government of India in 1819. Seyyid Sa'id heartily co-operated with the force sent from Bombay under General Keir, and contributed to the success of the expedition, which, after reducing several piratical strongholds, forced the chiefs of all the maritime tribes to conclude treaties, in 1820, binding them to a perpetual maritime truce among themselves, to abstain from piracy, and to accept the arbitration of the British agent in the Gulf in case of intertribal disputes. A prompt and steady enforcement of the provisions of these treaties has almost put an end to piracy during the last half century.

Less success attended a joint expedition which was sent in the next year to coerce the tribes of Benu-Abi-Hasan, and Benu-Abi'Aly inland from Sur and Ras-el-Hadd, and about a hundred miles S.E. of Muscat. These tribes had abjured the Ibâdhiyah creed and their allegiance to Omân, adopted Wahhabeeism, and plundered vessels under the English flag which had been wrecked in their neighbourhood. The expedition was commanded by Seyyid Sa'id in person, but the rebels defended themselves with such desperation that the allies were routed and forced to retreat, though Sa'id displayed great personal courage and was severely wounded in saving a British artilleryman.

It was deemed of so much importance to wipe out the effects of this repulse, that a second and much stronger expedition was immediately sent from Bombay under command of Sir Lionel Smith. They were joined by Seyyid Sa'id with his Arab forces, and soon completely retrieved the check received by their predecessors, storming the rebels' formidable position on the 2nd March, 1821, and killing or making prisoners nearly the whole of the rebel force. The Arab chronicler notes with great

approval the excellent treatment of the prisoners sent to Bombay, and their release two years afterwards with money sufficient to rebuild their homes, on condition of fealty to Seyyid Sa'id, who, at the request of the English, forgave their rebellion, and received their submission to his authority.

After some unsuccessful attempts to annex Bahrein, the Seyyid turned his attention to consolidating his possessions on the African coast, and devoted to that object nearly fifteen years, from 1829 to 1844.

He made Zanzibar his principal residence, and in a series of expeditions, in some of which he received important assistance from the English, he gradually occupied almost every seaport of importance, and all the islands off the coast, from near Brava to Cape Delgado. He had a considerable fleet of ships fairly manned and armed after the English fashion. One of these he sent to England and presented to King William the Fourth, and she was long on the navy list as H.M.S. *Imâm*, a serviceable teak-built frigate. In his operations on the African coast he relied mainly on his naval resources, which enabled him to concentrate at any point a force of well-armed Arabs sufficient to capture the forts which had been everywhere built by the former Portuguese conquerors in positions commanding the trade of the coast, and to overcome any opposition from the native African chiefs. When he had secured such a point he appointed a trusty and experienced soldier as *wali*, or governor, leaving the general administration in civil matters to the chiefs of tribes, many of them of Arab or mixed descent, or to the municipal councils which had grown up in most large towns for the management of local affairs. Trade was everywhere fostered, and wherever the Seyyid's red flag was hoisted the Indian traders, or banians of four or five principal castes, who had from the earliest days been trading on that coast till driven away by Portuguese exactions, would flock back, and the Seyyid himself would often take a part in a venture,

or allow his men-of-war to carry cargo, when not engaged in a military expedition. His chief fellow-tribesmen and followers were encouraged to settle wherever they found good land; and plantations of cocoa-nut, sugar cane, and cloves grew up wherever protection was given to the labourers, bond or free, to clear the forest. Under his rule Zanzibar became an important emporium. Indian merchants were followed by German, French, American, and English houses, consulates were established by all four nations, and treaties of commerce were executed, in which the Seyyid's wish to promote trade and to induce his foreign allies to settle was often expressed in terms which have since seriously fettered the action and limited the fiscal resources of the ruler of the State; for each treaty, besides limiting his demand for customs to a very light scale of duties, and binding him to abstain from monopolizing articles of trade, contained a "most favoured nation" clause, so that any treaty power is enabled to demand for its own subjects any privileges or exemptions which might be granted to the subjects of any other power. As a natural consequence all native traders who could do so enrolled themselves as subjects of one or other of the treaty powers. The foreign consuls were rarely inclined to diminish, even in appearance, the importance of privileges secured to subjects of their own government, so that the Seyyid's power to tax trade for fiscal purposes was limited to those few traders who could claim no protection from a foreign consul; and even in their case only in regard to bargains and articles in which no trader under foreign protection could claim any interest. It is no small credit to the Seyyid and his successors that under such disadvantages they have extended and fairly maintained their authority, and found means for carrying on the general administration. But it is of course vain, under such a system, to expect a strong Government, or any facilities for trade which would cause expense to its Treasury.

The English, who alone of all four powers had actively and directly aided the Seyyid in establishing his authority, and who, as governing the countries which were the home of the Indian trader, had greater special interest in local commerce than any other nation, did not lessen his immediate difficulties by their determination to put down the growing slave trade. As the market for slaves in the West Indies, in South America and the Southern Indian Ocean declined, the trade northwards to supply the slave-markets of Egypt, Turkey, Arabia and Persia increased, in spite of the efforts somewhat spasmodically made by the English Government to stop it by sea. Of course it was easy for our consuls to prove by argument that in the long run such a drain of the local labour market was not only inhuman but impolitic. The Seyyid, however, and his followers and advisers caring less for humanity than for their own immediate profit, and still less for the future policy of their successors, were by no means willing to give up or restrict a traffic which insured them a cheap and abundant supply of slave labour, and afforded an article of export more profitable and easy of transport than elephants' teeth.

Nevertheless, at the repeated solicitations of his English allies the Seyyid executed more than one treaty for the suppression of the slave traffic. The provisions of these engagements were not always very effectual for the object we had in view, but they enabled a succession of active and independent consuls, aided by energetic naval officers, employed on the coast to prove the possibility of putting an end to the traffic by sea.

Such are the enormous natural resources of the East African coast, that with every drawback, the Seyyid was enabled to remit large sums to aid his administration in Arabia. But subsidies to friendly chiefs and tribes, or large "presents" to his Wahhabi neighbours did not compensate for the repeated absence of the brave and sagacious head of the state at his distant possessions in Africa, nor could his

occasional presence in Omân always restore affairs to their former footing. The Wahhabi influence steadily increased till the "presents" from Omân assumed an uncomfortable resemblance to regular tribute, and the Egyptian successes in Nedj gave only temporary relief.

Nor could the Seyyid always rely on the fidelity of his own kinsfolk and tribesmen. He had frequently to choose between condoning rebellion and invoking the dangerous aid of his powerful Wahhabi neighbours, and attempts to revive the Imâmâte in the person of rival pretenders showed that the Seyyid's tried capacity for rule did not render it easy even for him to dispense with the shadowy authority of the traditional dignity.

The Seyyid in fact added one more to the many instances afforded by history, that no personal ability will enable a conqueror to bequeath power to those who succeed him unless circumstances allow him to mould the growth of something like a constitution, supplementing from within the external forces which keep nations together and perpetuate dynasties.

His closing years were little better than a series of disappointments partly owing to intestine broils, resulting from the want of a recognized law of succession, partly to the growing power of the Wahhabis, and partly, it must be confessed, to the vacillating policy of the Indian government. The Persians, intent on dreams of eastern conquest, had commenced a systematic series of aggressions, on the Omâni possessions on the northern or Persian shore of the Gulf, and took Bunder-el-Abbâs. Some of these ports had been farmed by the Persian government to the rulers of Omân for nearly a century. They commanded a thriving trade with the eastern provinces of Persia, the same trade which the natural features of the country have always directed to Ormus and its neighbourhood. The Omânis had more than half a century before granted unusual privileges of trade to their English allies, and these privileges doubtless formed an additional inducement to the Persians to attempt

the ejection of the Omânis; for the policy of the Persian Court was then, and continued to be till the end of our war with Persia in 1856, directed by influences distinctly hostile to the British. Confident of our support, Seyyid Sa'id despatched an expedition under his son Thuwainy to recapture Bunder-el-Abbâs; but as the Arab reinforcements "were prevented from joining him by an arbitrary abuse of the interdict placed by the British Government upon all armed movements by sea on the part of the petty chiefs occupying the littoral of the Persian Gulf, the Seyyid was obliged to give way and make the best terms he could with the victors." They were very humiliating, and reduced the Seyyid's representative to the position of a dependant on the caprice of the Persian Governors of Fars or Kirman, fixing at the same time a term of twenty years for the termination of the Omâni possession on that coast.

"With a deep sense of humiliation," we are told, "preying on his mind, the Seyyid Sa'id embarked once more for Zanzibar; but 'the decree of fate' overtook him in the Sea of Sayebelles. He died on board his frigate, the *Victoria*, on the 19th of October, 1856, at the age of sixty-five, after a reign of fifty-two years."

He left behind him a great reputation as an able and wise ruler, and on all the coasts of the Arabian and Indian seas, from Madagascar round to Cape Comorin, is popularly classed with his great contemporaries—better known to English readers, but not more highly esteemed by the Seyyid's countrymen and neighbours—Runjeet Sing, Dost Mohammed, and Mehmet Ali, to one or other of whom he is pretty sure to be likened by any Omâni who talks of him in an Eastern Bazaar.

We have referred to historical evidence that an extensive commerce between Western Asia and Eastern Africa has always been carried on; but even if history were silent on the subject, the natural features and phenomena of winds and currents on the coast would render it almost impossible for a sea-

faring people, however cautious as navigators, to avoid being drawn into commerce between two rich and populous countries. There is in Africa, south of the Straits of Babelmandeb, no Sahara such as cut off the Mauritaniens and Numidians from the populous negro coast south of the Niger; and the natural configuration of the Arabian, African, and Indian ocean-coasts is such, and the course and force of the prevailing trade-winds are so ordered, that without much aid from the shipmen the most helpless barque would be drifted and blown, according to the season, from the African to the Arabian coast, or *vice versa* from Asia to Africa.

These physical causes would have led to commercial intercourse between Western Asia and Eastern Africa, even had the southern and eastern shores of Arabia been peopled by races less adventurous and less addicted to naval enterprize than the Arabs. Except when interrupted by the Portuguese domination, the process has probably in all ages been much the same as that by which, during Seyyid Sa'id's reign, Omâni colonies occupied the coast where the Portuguese power had withered and decayed.

Every year brought its quota of armed adventurers from Muscat, Sohar, and other ports of Arabia, sometimes in considerable fleets of those swift, white winged, latteen-rigged vessels which from the earliest ages seem to have carried on the commerce between Arabia and India on the one hand and Africa on the other. As soon as the south-west summer monsoon was fairly over the mariners were busy in every port on the shores of the Persian Gulf and Arabian Sea; their vessels, which for months had rested in creeks or on sandy beaches drawn high above springtide highwater mark, and propped up with timbers, to dry them and give access to caulkers and careeners, were repaired, painted with fresh coats of shark oil and lime to keep off worms, floated, and equipped; the huge, square water tanks and four-fluked anchors were hoisted on board; provisions,* and a

cargo of dates, salt fish, grain, hardware and cottons, plain or indigo-dyed, were stowed, and as soon as the autumn calms were over and the north-east winds began to blow steadily and strongly, the vessels were hauled out into the roads, the masts stepped, the great white sails were bent to the taper yards as they lay along projecting far beyond the stern and stem, the passengers crowded on board each with his arms and sundry bundles of clothes, provisions and merchandize, the shipmen hoisted their huge triangular sail with much shouting, screaming, and clapping of hands in chorus, and amid the firing of guns and hoisting of flags the vessel skimmed out to sea and was soon ploughing the waves for the offing, hardly distinguishable, except in size, from the white sea birds which followed in her wake.

Arrived on the African coast, wherever the effete Portuguese power was weakest the Arab adventurers would resort. They traded, they fought fiercely and successfully, combining as one man to attack some half-deserted port or dilapidated fortress, and then quarrelling among themselves over their prey. When they had secured a rich alluvial shore or fertile island and abundance of negro slaves, they settled, and built houses—not huts of reeds or mud, like the Africans, but substantial masonry buildings of coral-rag and lime mortar, such as fringe the shores of an Arabian, Moorish, or Spanish port—great square, white, flat-roofed mansions, proof against assault from any foe unprovided with artillery, with few external windows save such as could be used for musketry defence; the rooms opening on to arched galleries overlooking an interior court, and massive timber doors giving access to narrow dark staircases with many angles, where a single determined man with his dagger could keep at bay a host of assailants even should they force the door.

Here the Arab Seigneur lived much as his forefathers have lived for ages in many a conquered country from India to Spain. With his clansmen and the

few trusty slaves who alone were admitted into the house and allowed to bear arms, he could hold his own against anything short of a regular siege. It is no more than justice to them to add that if the Arab conquerors showed little scruple in acquiring power and territory, and little sense of moral obligation in using what they acquired, the net results of the acquisition were usually favourable to settled government and civilization. There was some sort of law and freedom in the land, where the cruel and short-sighted policy of the early Portuguese had extinguished both. The Arab slave-master was less harsh than the nominal Christian, and wherever the Arabs settled the negroes gathered round. Jungle was cleared and clove orchards and sugar-cane fields were planted where, during the Portuguese domination, the forest had reasserted its ancient sway. The Arabs have always a keen eye for commerce, and wherever they gained a footing in a port or harbour the Indian traders soon reappeared. These were the "Moors" and "Banians" of various castes in whose hands Vasco da Gama found all the functions of brokers and agents intermediary between the foreign merchant and the local pedlar. They had been almost driven away from the coast by the jealous commercial impolicy and bigotry of the Portuguese, but they returned wherever the Arabs established themselves and supplied to the more enterprising of their leaders the means of organizing expeditions down the coast and into the far interior, which were intended to serve as occasion offered, for commerce, for slave-hunting, for conquest, or for settlement.

But let us go back for a moment to the ships and the shipmen who had brought these Arab immigrants from Arabia to Africa. When they had discharged their passengers and disposed of their merchandize they prepared for their return voyage. A cargo was collected of gums—copal and Arabic—ebony from Madagascar, hides, oil seeds, dyeing drugs and cloves, rhinoceros' horns, elephants' teeth and hippopotamus' tusks, and with the ivory, as of old,

in the days of King Solomon, "apes and peacocks,"¹ if we understand by the latter, as some commentators tell us we might, the parrots of various kinds always to be found on board an Arab or Indian vessel homeward bound from Africa.

With these were always some "persons of men,"² slaves of the various negro races, kidnapped or bought in the interior, and brought down in chain gangs to the slave markets on the coast, with many a murder and act of revolting brutality on the way. The best that can be said for the Arab slave-drover is that he is not quite so cruel or brutal as the Portuguese half-caste, and forty years ago the Arab demand for slaves was not what it has since become. There was then less money than there is now in Arabia and Egypt, and none but great men could afford negro slaves. The Arabs did little directly to supply the sugar islands in the East and West Indies and Brazil, which were then the great slave markets of the world; but some slaves were always to be found in every Arab dhow returning from Africa as sailors and passengers' servants, though not, as in later years, crowded by scores till the boat could hold no more, to be sold like cattle in the slave bazaars of Turkey, Persia, and Arabia.

When the return cargo and passengers, free and servile, were on board, and the shipmen were assured that the south-west monsoon had fairly and steadily set in, the dhow once more set forth and shaped a north-easterly course on her homeward voyage to Arabia, and perhaps onwards to India.

With her great spread of cotton sails before a steady south-west trade wind, a large Arab dhow will lead the swiftest frigate in her Majesty's service a long chase, and frequently run her pursuer out of sight, if no unforeseen chance compels her to shorten sail or alter her course. Ten days of such running would bring her near her port. The seasons of trade wind are so regular, and the customs of merchants and shipmasters

¹ 1 Kings x. 22.

² Ezekiel xxvii. 13.

so dependent on the seasons and so little variable in other respects, that the homeward return of the voyagers may be reckoned to within a few days; and for some time before the day calculated on, at every Arab port engaged in the African trade look-out groups assemble in daily-increasing numbers on the terraced roofs of the houses overlooking the sea, or wherever the shore affords points of vantage for scanning the horizon. Great is the excitement when a sail appears, too large for a fishing craft, and making direct for the port. "It is Khoja Mahomed's, or Lalljee's." "No; it is only some Indian vessel coming in for water." At length all uncertainty is dispelled by her hoisting flags and firing guns as she still holds on her course. The news soon spreads through the Bazar, and the whole population crowds to the beach to welcome the returned voyagers. Great and universal is the rejoicing, as friends meet and exchange news. The supercargo walks off with the shipowner and merchants to tell of the cargo and prices, and hastily to calculate gains or losses. The Rais, with a few of the chief passengers, goes to the Sultan's or *Wali's* house, to kiss his hand and give him the news. "Salim has died of dysentery, and Abdulla was killed in a skirmish with the negro wildmen on his road to the lake country. Your kinsman Khalid, who was always so troublesome, and inclined to Wahabecism, has borrowed two thousand dollars from a Hindu merchant, and is building a house and laying out a clove orchard in Pemba. His brother, Ahmed, with a score of ragamuffins from his own and other tribes, has gone southward, intending to establish himself on an island near the Portuguese border. He prays you to send him some more good stout fellows who are willing to go inland; but above all a little money or letters of credit on the Banians. He will pay you without fail next season in ivory and copal, which he hopes to find cheap where he has gone," &c. &c. And so the talk in the little court goes on, mingled with schemes for next season's

adventure on a larger scale, and frequent interruptions as visitors drop in to congratulate the voyagers and hear the news. Everywhere in the town is rejoicing—even the negro slaves are glad. The voyage is over, with its many terrors, its scanty fare, and its short allowance of brackish water. If they may now resign all hope of ever again seeing the dark forests of their native land, they need no longer dread the kidnapper lurking in every bush, or shudder at the horrors of the chain-gang. They will have food and protection for the day, and if they look to the future, as negroes rarely can, they may see possibilities of favour and future freedom in return for present loss of liberty. It is true that probably ten lives have been sacrificed, and many a home made desolate in Africa, before one slave attains even this amount of negative freedom from care; but such considerations do not weigh heavily on the slave who has just escaped from the long sea voyage. Nine-tenths of them are children, to whom the change has the charm of novelty, and on whom the loss of friends, or even parents, makes but little permanent impression.

Such was the kind of process, repeated year after year, by which the Arabs took the place of the Portuguese on the East Coast of Africa, during the last half of the past and first half of the present century.

We have noted a few of the principal articles of East African trade. The list might be greatly extended, for there are few products of the tropical or sub-tropical zones, and many of more temperate climates, which may not be had, so to speak, "for the asking." That is to say, they are produced, or might be produced, within commercial reach of the East African trader, and might speedily be in the market, if a demand for them were established. Whilst, as regards the imports by which the African could be paid for his produce, there are few articles in common use by the people of Arabia, India, and the East generally, which might not in time find a ready sale in East Africa.

Space does not admit of more than a passing reference to those authorities who have written on the subject of East African trade. The consular reports of General Rigby, Sir Lewis Pelly, Colonel Playfair, Mr. Churchill, Captain Priedeaux, and especially Dr. Kirk and his assistants, Captain Elton and Mr. Holmwood, contain much valuable information; but it is scattered through formidable blue-books, many of them quite inaccessible to the general reader. Almost every chapter of Dr. Livingstone's works contains some notices or suggestions on the commercial capabilities of the country, and the scrupulous accuracy of the most keen-sighted of observers gives especial value to his remarks. Valuable notices on commercial, as on most other matters of interest to the traveller, are to be found in the volumes of Burton, and some in Mr. Stanley's narrative. The commercial capabilities of Madagascar are barely touched on even in the most recent works, and Mr. M'Leod's full and accurate notices of the products of the Portuguese African possessions refer to a period when the country was less accessible and less known than it is now.

But nowhere can the "merchant adventurer" find in print such information as would be of much use to him in arranging "an African venture." We trust that Dr. Kirk and his able assistants will one day furnish us with a commercial hand-book such as may give to those interested some definite idea of the capabilities and wants of two thousand miles of coast, which till lately was almost blank in the commercial map of the world, but which is better situated than almost any other coast of similar extent for carrying on a great and varied commerce.

A comparison of the prominent features of the Eastern and Western African coasts will show that this is no exaggerated estimate of the resources of the former region.

Both coasts can boast a great extent of soil of extraordinary fertility; both have a great length of seaboard, afford-

ing many facilities for an extended foreign trade; but whilst the West coast has few but bar-harbours at the mouths of rivers, the East coast abounds in well sheltered natural harbours, well adapted for carrying on a great sea-borne trade in vessels of the largest size used in modern commerce. In the fleets of dhows annually trading between her ports and Asia, East Africa has a large merchant marine, for coasting purposes, far superior to anything of the kind on the West coast.

Both coasts have vast resources of abundant and cheap, but ill-directed, labour. Both are cursed with forms of slavery which greatly limit the value of that labour; but the slavery of the East coast is, with all its horrors, less barbarous and degrading, and less destructive to human life than that of the West. Slave life is too often wasted on the East coast, but the human sacrifices and the wholesale massacres, in mere wantonness of superstition, which are such horrible features of the slavery of the West coast, seem almost unknown on the East. Under Muslim rulers the slave, however degraded and practically ill-treated, has at least a recognized legal status; and both the written law and the customs of the Ibâdhiyah sect which prevail in Zanzibar are notably more favourable to the slave than those of most other sections of Islâm. It follows that the whole social and political organization on the East coast is of a far higher type than on the West. This is partly due to the large admixture on the East coast of various foreign races more advanced in civilization than the negroes; but still more to the Arab rulers, of whom our guest, the Sultan of Zanzibar, is the most considerable. The difference will be appreciated if we contrast the worst of Arab *walis*, or local governors, with the best of such pure negro sovereigns as the rulers of Ashantee and Dahomey.

Even in the far interior, where the Arab slave-hunter is removed from many of the civilizing and restraining influences felt on the coast, whilst we are constantly shocked by the horrible

scenes described by Livingstone and Schweinfurth, they are not unrelieved by occasional evidence that even the brutalizing effects of the slave-hunter's occupation have not entirely destroyed the better instincts of the more civilized race, nor wholly obscured all the teachings of a comparatively purer and higher morality.

Let it not be supposed for a moment that we would offer excuses for *any* form of slavery, or subscribe to the doctrine that in its mildest forms it is not more hateful or more injurious to lord as well as servant, than the worst forms of voluntary servitude. But there are varying shades of darkness in even the blackest night; and if the condition of the slave in Egypt is not to be envied by the poorest freeborn peasant in Europe, it is beyond doubt far better than that of slaves elsewhere in Africa; and the slave in Zanzibar, if not so well off as his brother in Egypt, is better off than the slave of the West coast.

Let us, however, never forget that slavery at its best can only be maintained and fed by a system of perpetual kidnapping; and if any man doubts what the results must be on the commercial and industrial capabilities of the country whence the supply of slaves is drawn, let him imagine it applied to our own rural population. We have reason to hope that the lessons to be learnt from the sight of free labour everywhere around him in Europe will not be lost on the Sultan of Zanzibar and his attendants.

The last great advantage which we would notice, as possessed by the East African Coast, is the presence of more than one class of professional local traders superior in civilization and intelligence to the natives of the country, but not so superior as to prevent their living contentedly among them, whilst they are every way qualified to act as local agents to the European and American merchants.

The "Banians," as they are generally termed, are all of Indian or Arab origin, and belong to more than one of the Indian castes, whose hereditary

profession is trade. Some of them are Muhamadans by creed, belonging to sects which split off from the main stock early in the history of Islâm; and one of them, the Khojahs, are able to trace an undoubted pedigree to the disciples of the "Old Man of the Mountain," the formidable chief of the Assassins, in the days of the Crusaders. Their pedigree was conclusively established by a celebrated trial in the High Court of Bombay a few years ago; but the present representatives of the tribe are scattered as diligent traders, everywhere respected, in all the ports of Arabia and Western India. One of the principal members of the sect in Zanzibar, Tara Topun, so eulogized by Mr. Stanley for his effectual aid in enabling the American traveller to reach Livingstone, is now in England in the suite of the Sultan.

Of the Hindoo "Banians," the most important class in East Africa belong to the Bhattia caste. They too have had their history and tenets thoroughly sifted in a celebrated judicial trial in Bombay, and the result is in its way quite as curious as in the case of the Khojahs. But the Hindu Bhattias proved to be an off-shoot from one of the great Hindu sects which has reduced epicureanism to an actual rule of life, and carried to its extreme practical results the doctrine that the high priest is the incarnation of the Divinity. The possibility of combining the highest commercial skill and its result, enormous wealth, with the blindest ignorance in other matters; the most refined luxury and perfect epicureanism, with the most slavish subjection to spiritual tyrants, leading scandalously immoral lives, was an evil vision revealed by a patient matter-of-fact trial before English judges and lawyers. The trial was full of interest to the moralist and political philosopher, but ill fitted for discussion elsewhere. It was a satisfactory result that our law upheld the cause of truth and purity against a marvelous combination of wealth and caste power.

Muslim and Hindu, however, what-

ever their origin or religious belief, are, and have been for ages, the keenest of traders; and they who know best the commercial deficiencies of the West Coast, can appreciate the value of such a class as intermediaries between the foreign and local trader on the East.

Commercial affairs in East Africa are at present passing through a revolution for which two principal causes may be assigned. The great hurricane in 1872 was an unexpected and ruinous, though temporary calamity; but the prohibition of the public sale of slaves, and the stoppage of the sea-borne slave traffic in 1873, affected all commerce as much as the stoppage of the trade in opium affected the commerce of China. Slaves were in many places an important part of the local currency, and were everywhere a considerable portion of the general exports; and few were the East African traders who, if they had traced their bargains to their ultimate results, would not have found their gains more or less influenced by the current price of human flesh. The partial stoppage of the slave trade will doubtless in the long run immensely benefit every branch of commerce and industry, but the immediate results must cause much temporary derangement of trade. This was foreseen by the Sultan and his advisers, and Seyyid Burgash deserves all the more credit for the good faith with which he has carried out the pledges, not by any means willingly given, to comply with the requisitions of his philanthropic ally.

The second cause of a revolution in the course of trade may be found in the opening of the Suez Canal and the concurrent development of steam traffic on the coast. Ten years ago the great bulk of the trade between Europe and East Africa went round the Cape, and for the most part passed through marts in India or Arabia. Almost every article of East African import or export rested for a while in the warehouses of traders living in Bombay, Surat, Cutch, Mandavie, Muscat, or other ports of the Arabian Sea, whence generally after changing hands they found their

way to the Banian correspondents, who during the present century had resumed the old positions whence their ancestors had been driven by the early Portuguese conquerors. The delays and expenses incident to such a circuitous course of trade greatly restricted its development.

The French, the Germans, and Americans seem to have taken the lead of the English in renewing direct trade with Eastern Africa, and the German merchants were the first to send steamers direct to the coast. But the exigencies of a lucrative private trade prevented the first steamers from being available to the public for the conveyance of mails. There was no postal communication except by chance vessels from Bombay, Mauritius, or other distant forts; and the residents of Zanzibar were sometimes five months, and occasionally longer, without news from Europe.

The opening of the Suez Canal was the commencement of a revolution in the course of trade. Steamers touching at Aden landed or took in cargo for Zanzibar, and occasionally a steamer ran on direct. But the East African Coast might long have been without direct postal steamers had it not been for the enterprise and public spirit of the British India Steam Navigation Company, which, after pushing out its steamer lines along every part of the Indian coast from Java to the Euphrates, has now extended them to Mozambique. The Directors of the Company, at the instance of their philanthropic chairman, Mr. William Mackinnon, ran their first steamer to meet the wants of the Special Mission to the Sultan of Zanzibar in 1872, and, whilst the Mission for the abolition of the Slave Trade was on the coast, doubled the number of voyages stipulated for in the postal contract, so as to ensure the early and punctual receipt of the despatches connected with the negotiations. This act of liberality must have cost the Company a large sum, and by materially abbreviating the stay of the Mission on the coast saved the English Treasury many months of heavy expenditure;

but the service was rendered entirely gratuitously, and no compensation was asked for by the Company or offered by the Government.

There can be no doubt of the great impulse which steamer traffic will give, and has indeed already given, to commerce in general on this coast. The native merchants of Zanzibar now deal direct with Europe, and though individual interests in Zanzibar, India, and Arabia may suffer, the general result must be highly favourable to the development of every branch of trade.

As bearing on such prospects we must not forget the valuable coal fields which extend for at least 1,000 miles from the frontiers of the Cape Colony to the north of the Rovuma. Wherever the great river-valleys intersect the mountain ranges, which run north and south throughout this region, some traces of coal-bearing strata have been found; and at various points inland from Delagoa Bay, and again on the Zambesi and Rovuma rivers, thick coalbeds have been found in workable positions close to the surface.

There appear now grounds for hoping that, at no distant period, this portion at least of Africa may cease to merit the name of "the Lost Continent," which has hitherto not inaptly described its condition as almost a blank in the commercial map of the world.

It is clear that any Government which could ensure protection of life and property in such a position, and allow capitalists to attract the abundant labour of the continent by freedom and fair wages, might aspire to a great position among nations.

Our South African colonies possess some of the elements of such a dominion. All are in abundance at the command of the Portuguese, if, as we may hope

from present appearances, something of the old Lusitanian fire could be rekindled in the cold ashes of her African colonies; and further north it is in our power to aid our present guest to bequeath to the children of Shem an empire wider and richer than any of those kingdoms which Marco Polo described, or Vasco da Gama and his followers destroyed.

The Sultan of Zanzibar doubtless needs support, or rather the considerate friendship of the great European powers, to enable him to maintain and consolidate the possessions he has inherited. Himself a just, tolerant, and frugal ruler, a leader of tribes which in their days of deepest depression have never sunk into barbarism, and which have shown in three continents their power to subdue and civilize inferior races—closely connected, as he is, with some of the great trading communities of the East, and ruling over a region of unsurpassed natural capabilities, he may reasonably hope for a great destiny awaiting his race in Eastern Africa. Something has been done, though it be but one step of many, to emancipate labour in his dominions. Christian Missions, directed by noble-minded and devoted men, are at work to civilize as well as to baptize the negro races, and receive from the Seyyid quite as much favour and protection as our own missions received from our own government in India forty years ago. All who feel for the deep degradation of equatorial Africa in every age of her history, must bid such a ruler "God-speed" in any undertaking which, like his journey to Europe, tends to bring him more intimately within the pale of civilized nations.

H. B. E. FRERE.